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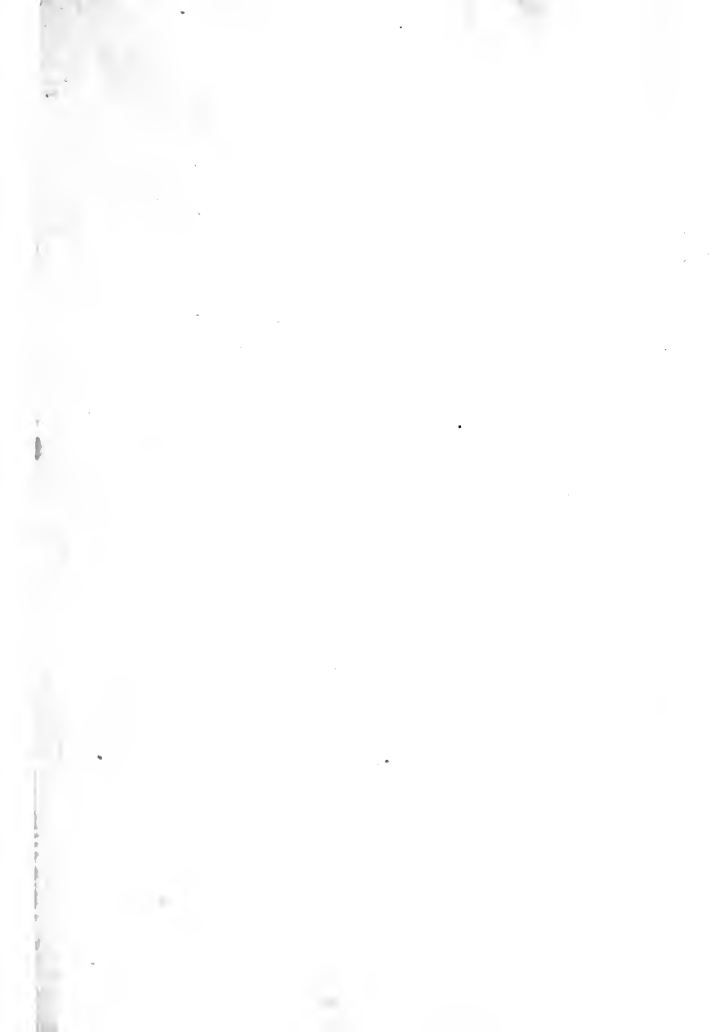
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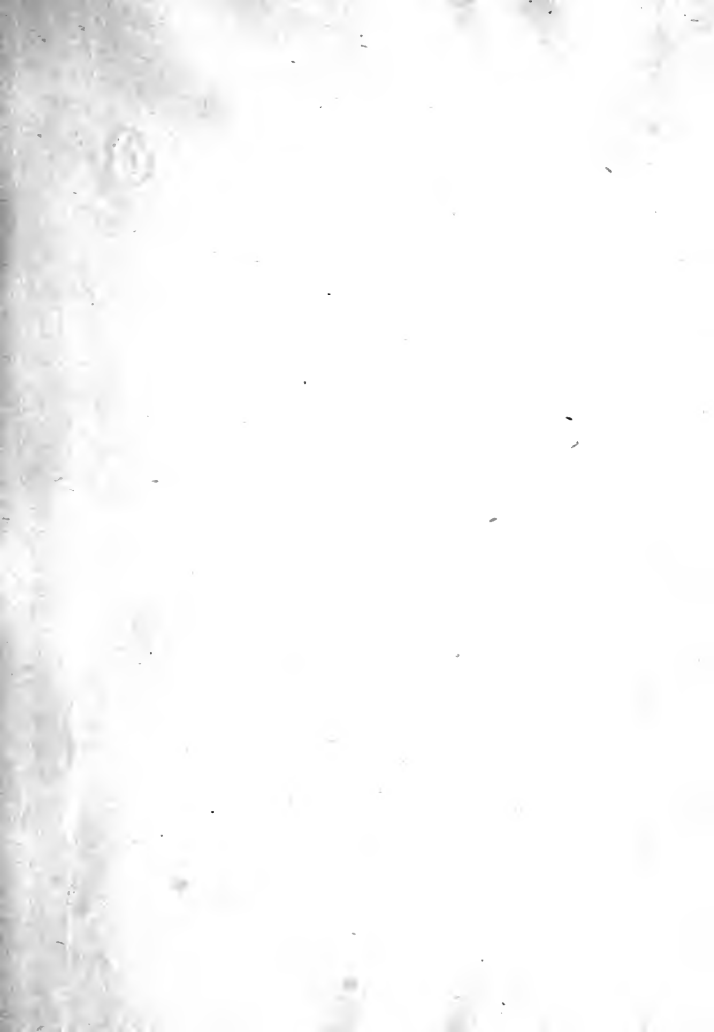
J. M. FLAGG



THOMAS WAYNE NORRIS



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THE WORKS OF

JAMES M FLAGG

*Dedicated to my faithful
wife*

Anna Katherine
~~~~~

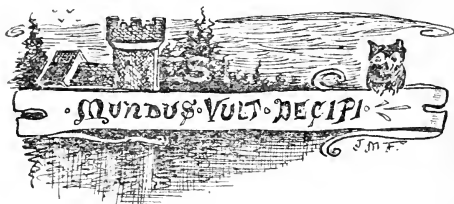
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STYLUS EDITION

# VOLUME FIVE



## POEMS & TALES

*Much In The Manner Of The Psychological Autobiographists.*

**ILLUSTRATED BY THE**

Author



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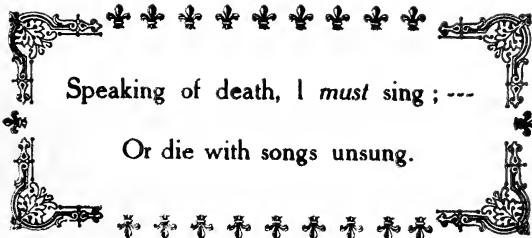
## FOREWORD

Among the elements which go to the making of the true work of art, the daemonic holds first place. It is the essential and peculiar quality of genius,--- the quality which lies beyond the reach of the most exacting and intelligent work, as it lies beyond the search of analysis. Any man may learn the secrets of form; he may become an adept in the skill of his craft; but the final felicity of touch, the ultimate grace of effortless power, elude and baffle him. The writings of Flagg flow with the natural distinctive and deliberate grace of a *literati*. His strongest feature, no doubt, lies in a most pronounced individuality; but that his work is undying literature cannot be denied.

PUBLISHER.







Speaking of death, I *must* sing ; ---

Or die with songs unsung.

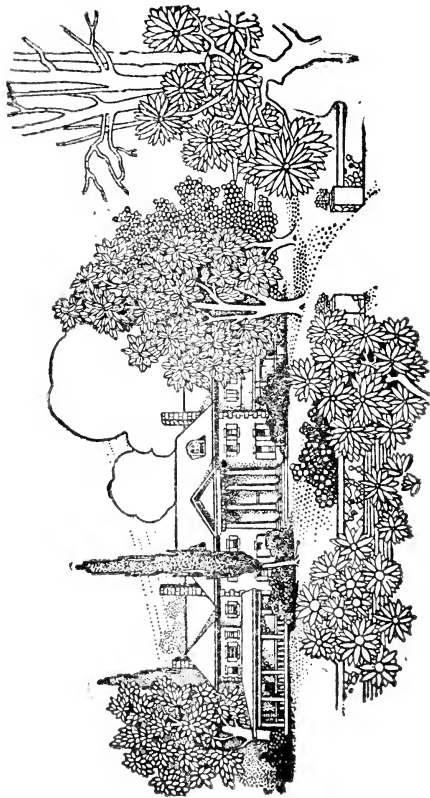
## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The writings herein, will, no doubt, throw those of a critical turn, into a fit of rage and fury; know then, that this work is the result of my style of doing things, utterly regardless of the ancient and stereotyped methods that are generally exercised; and, as I am not composing a novel, but writing for my own amusement, I do not deem it necessary to have any recourse to the customary devices of the literary person.

However, hereditary poverty, has, I feel, afforded me an understanding of no common order. And a contemplative turn of mind has enabled me to methodize the stores that years of experience have very diligently garnered up. Above all things, the study of the weird and fantastic has given me great delight; still, my habits of rigid thought enables me to detect there every falsity. And I can only add that the commonplace, in all its forms and phases, has been, to my mind, a dead letter and a nullity.

THE AUTHOR.





... AND WOULD YOU STEP IN ?  
WHERE THE MUSE HAS REARED A DREAMY THRONE  
IN A WEIRD MANSION LYING ALONE  
FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANT WEST  
WHERE THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE WORST AND THE BEST  
ARE EQUAL.

## THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

Of my morals or of my principles I have little to say. Free-thinking and social conditions have *cured* me of the one, and *tore* me from the other. It was, if I am not mistaken, man's inhumanity to man, that has taught me the cool logic that lies in the "survival of the fittest"

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year of 1907 April 23rd. from the port of Frisco, on a voyage that was to extend around the world. I went as passenger --- having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which, haunted me as a fiend. Our vessel, however, was but a forty-five foot affair, copper fastened, and built at Sausilto of the finest teak. She was

## THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

bent on a trip of adventure, commanded by Jacque London, a famous sociologist and writer; there were but seven souls upon the ship. (that is, if a jap really *has* a soul; for Paul Toccigi was he, that made the seventh) Mrs Charmois London was the only lady aboard, she was of thorough american stock, and possessed a mind of the very highest order. While we were all passengers, we were at the same time the crew. We got under way in the early morning, and amid the cheers of thousands of doubting and curious spectators.

For many days we rode the high seas of the great Pacific, without even the passing of another vessel to beguile the monotony of our course.

One evening, leaning over the taff-rail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the north west; it was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Frisco. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once into a long line across the heavens.

My attention was soon afterward attracted by the dusky red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually disturbed. The air now became intolerably hot, and was of a very suffocating nature; as night came on, every breath of wind died away, and all became calm

beyond belief. However, London, who had spent the greater part of his life upon the sea, assured us that he could perceive no indication of danger, and upon this night he set no watch.

I went below --- but with a full presentiment of evil; indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a typhoon. I spoke of my fears to London; but he paid little or no attention to my suspicions, and left me with a glint in his eye of utter sarcasm; he was a man who knew no fear, and my uneasiness seemed to nauseate him to the core. However, I found it impossible to sleep, and about midnight I went upon deck. --- As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled

by a loud, humming noise it was a most peculiar sound, and I was only a moment in determining it for what it was --- a gigantic hurrican. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted. By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself,

upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of foaming waters within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of London, and I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft.

we soon learned that three souls were all that had survived the catastrophe; --- London, Martini, and myself. The entire remainder of the party had, from all appearance, been swept into the sea. Without assistance we could expect to do little for the

security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like so much thread, at the very first breath of the storm; while the engine, such as it was, had never been in the running.

We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the heavy waves beat against our sides in a series of horrifying thuds; the frame work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already

blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind ; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay ; well believing, that, in our shattered condition we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue.

Yet, by some strange idiosyncrasy of fate, we were spared ; but were tossed unmercifully about the face of the deep for many days and nights --- during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the forecastle --- we tottered about the sea in a most miserable manner, and well conscious that we were in a seldom traveled part of the globe. Again we were victims of a heavy blast, and

it seemed as though the tempest had descended upon us with redoubled fury. Late in the afternoon it was utterly impossible to stand up against the violence of the elements ; and as the night closed upon us, I had not a shadow of hope that the vessel would hold together until morning. By midnight we had settled very deep into the water, which was now up to the orlop deck.

The rudder went soon afterward, the sea which tore it away lifting the after portion of the brig entirely from the water, against which she thumped in her descent with such a concussion as would be occasioned by going ashore. we had calculated that the rudder would hold its own to the last

as it was unusually strong, being rigged as I have never seen one rigged either before or since. Down its main timber there ran a succession of stout iron hooks, and others in the same manner down the stern post. Thru' these hooks there extended a very thick wrought-iron rod, the rudder being thus held to the stern-post, and swinging freely on the rod. The tremendous force of the sea which tore it off may be estimated by the fact, that the hooks in the stern-post, which ran entirely through it, being clinched on the inside, were drawn every one of them completely out of the solid wood. We had scarcely time to draw breath after the violence of this shock, when one of the most

tremendous waves I had then ever known broke right on board of us, sweeping the companion-way clear off, bursting in the hatchways, and filling every discernible quarter with water.

Luckily, just before midnight, all three of us had lashed ourselves to the fragments of the windlass, lying in this manner as flat upon the deck as possible ; and this precaution alone saved us from destruction. As it was we were all more or less stunned by the immense weight of water which tumbled upon us, and which did not roll from above us until we were nearly exhausted. As soon as I could recover breath, I called aloud to my companions. London alone

replied, saying, "It appears to be all over with us, but let us strive to last as long as possible, then---may God have mercy on our souls."

We all glanced at each other as though it was for the last time, then quietly submitted ourselves to Fate's further lashings. The night was as dark as it possibly could be, and the horrible shrieking din and confusion which surrounded us it is useless to attempt describing.

Our deck lay level with the sea or rather we were encircled with a towering ridge of foam, a portion of which swept over us every instant. Although we lay close together, no one of us could see the other, or indeed, any portion of the brig itself,

upon which we were so tempestuously hurled about. At intervals we called one to the other, thus endeavouring to keep alive hope, and render consolation and encouragement to such of us as stood most in need of it.

The feeble condition of Martini made him an object of solicitude with London and I, and we were in momentary expectation of finding that he had gone over board --- yet to render him aid was a thing altogether out of the question.

Our situation was a frightful one and after a long, long period the day broke, but only to make visible the horrors which surrounded us. The *Snark* was a mere log, rolling about at the mercy of every wave ; but the

gale was fastly decreasing, and in a short time the sea was a perfect calm.

Never before did I appreciate the blessed sunshine as now ; and after some rather difficult reckoning, I managed to determine that we had been at sea just twenty seven days ; after being out nineteen days we had crossed into the torrid zone ; we had been at the mercy of the storm for eight days ; and as we had left the Bay of Frisco April 23rd. it was now, no doubt, the twentieth of May.

The entire body of water east of us was bathed in sunshine, and a heavy fog that smothered over us during the night, was sliding rapidly westward. We suffered mostly now from the terrible pangs of hunger.

## THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

When we looked forward to means of relief that would satisfy our thirst and hunger, our hearts sunk within us, and we were induced to regret that we had escaped the perils of the sea only to fall to a fate more terrible.

We endeavored, however, to console ourselves with the hope of being speedily picked up by some vessel, and encouraged each other to bear with fortitude the evils that might happen.

London and Martini were stretched out upon their backs from utter fatigue, while I sat dreamily watching the fog rapidly disappear to westward. The lifting of the fog was the lifting of my sorrow, and I shall never forget the ecstatic joy which thrilled

through every particle of my frame when I perceived a large brig bearing down upon us, and not quite a mile away.

I was to my feet in an instant; and, stretching out my arms in the direction of the vessel, stood in this manner, motionless, and unable to articulate a syllable. My two companions were equally affected, only in different ways. Martini danced about the deck like a madman, uttering the most extravagant rhodomontades, intermingled with howls and imprecations; while London bowed his head, opening and closing his hands like one about to receive the sentence of death. The vessel in sight was a large antique affair of

an old English build, painted black with a tawdry gilt figurehead.

She had evidently seen a great deal of rough weather, and, we supposed, had suffered much in the gale which had proved so disastrous to ourselves; for her foretopmast was gone, and some of her starboard bulwarks.

When we first saw her, she was, as I have already said, less than a mile away to windward, bearing down upon us.

The breeze was very gentle, and what astonished us chiefly was, that she had no other sails set than her fore sail and mainsail, with a flying jib --- of course she came down but slowly, and our impatience amounted almost

to phrenzy, The awkward manner in which she steered, too, was remarked by the three of us, even excited as we were.

She yawed about to such a degree, that once or twice we thought it impossible she could see us, or imagined that, having seen us, and discovered no person on board, she was about to tack and make off in another direction.

Upon each of these occasions we screamed and shouted at the top of our voices, when the stranger would appear to change for a moment her intention, and again hold on toward us --- this singular conduct being repeated two or three times, so at last we derived at the conclusion that the

helmsman was intoxicated. We could discern no one upon her deck at no time ; still, she neared, and neared and now more steadily than before.

She soon slid along side and with unrestrained enthusiasm we leaped aboard, we had little or no trouble in this feat as she was a low built wind-jammer of Malabar teak.

Shall I ever forget the triple horror that confronted us ? There were thirteen human bodies, among whom were several females, lay scattered about the deck in miserable attitudes, and we plainly saw that not a soul lived on that fated vessel ! Yet, we could not help but turning to them for aid ! At all hazards our lives were spared ; and we at once busied our-

selves in ramsacking about for food and drink ; but there was none, and had'nt been for at least a *hundred years!*

To our deep sorrow we learned this fact, and we came by this knowledge, both by the ship's log and by grace of other records that were left.

It seemed that about a century ago, it was a British convict ship\* that plied between England proper, and her south-sea possessions. An aged note clutched in the hand of what had been the last survivor, read as follows :

October (?) 1797.

All on board are dead and I am dying  
we were all prisoners save the five  
in the torture cell in the steerage,  
who are officers and victims of mutiny;

\* THIS SHIP WAS ON EXHIBITION AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION, FEB. 1915. EDITOR.

we have been frozen in solid ice for a hundred and forty days, there's no more food, no food.

*Robert Casement.*

No *food*! We stared about us helplessly, and staggered to the companionway and went below ; the atmosphere was of iciness itself, and judging from the great ice-cakes we found in the hold, what-with the extraordinary preservation of the dead, we were positive that the old brig had but lately become freed from the grip of the frigid Antarctic circle. The ice that had not yet melted, furnished us with abundance of drinking water and this blessing was so great that we could not help weeping for joy. We drank heavily of the luscious cool

water, and clambered back on to the main deck, where we at once lay ourselves down into a deep and restful sleep.

When I awoke some time later I found that my companions were still resting in peaceful slumber ; finding myself alone, so to speak, my reflections of course, were of a fearful and most gloomy nature.

No prospect offered itself to my view but a lingering death by famine, and the gnawing of hunger which I now experienced was nearly insupportable, and I felt myself capable of going to any lengths in order to appease it. With my knife I cut off some old leather lashings from a hatch, and endeavored to eat them, but

found it utterly impossible to swallow a single morsel, but I found some little satisfaction in chewing them and spitting them out.

On comparing the corpse's with the book of consignment which I found in the pocket of the captain it was a simple matter to determine the identity of all aboard. One of the prisoners proved to be a rather interesting personage; from all indications his name appeared to be Bernhardt Shaw, and it seemed that he was sent over for life, charged with conducting a radical journal thru which he was found guilty of high treason; he had a very satonic appearance, and across his lap lay a bread-board into which he had deeply

carved the following :

Hurrah! hurrah for the foaming flood  
Of the fiery Phlegethon,

    A demon bride,  
And delvilish bridegroom side by side  
Are sailing this vessel upon ;  
He is an imp of the very best blood  
And she is a devil of Ton.

This barque is the shatterd fragments of  
A lost ship long ago,

    In a fanthomless bay  
For a cycle of years it rotting lay  
So the devil's employed it now.

The braggadocio manner of the  
man instilled me with renewed courage  
and I resolved to live on at any cost.

When my companions awoke we busied ourselves in tossing the dead into the sea ; one ghastly old hag of an amazon was the ugliest mortal I had ever beheld, her name, according to the register, was Amy Parkhurst, she was charged with murder-thru-birth-control, and with circulating literature of degenerating nature.

We heaved her repulsive carcass in to the sea at once ; and it was but a few moments until we had all the stiffs over-board, except, ofcourse, the five that were locked in the torture cell up in the steerage.

With an ax we chopped our way into the small barbarous compartment the wall of the room still hung with a host of icicles, and the stiffs, though

dead a hundred years, were perfectly preserved. London turned suddenly toward me with an expression that sent a shudder through my frame; there was about him an air of self-possession which I had not noticed in him until now, and before he had opened his lips my heart told me what he would say. He proposed, in a few words, that the men lying in death should serve us as sustenance.

My mind rapidly ran over a thousand absurd projects by which to avoid becoming a partner in the awful speculation.

I thought of falling on my knees to my companions, and entreating them to entertain other views; or of suddenly rushing to the ship's side and

plunging into the sea ; to my mind, the idea of turning cannibal was terrible, but I was soon brought to my senses by the voice of Martini, who assured me that they both felt, no doubt, as I myself, but something *had* to be done.

We then determined to carry out our frightful undertaking with as least concern as we could possibly assume; though we found ways of cooking the meat well, I will not dwell upon the fearful repast which immediately ensued.

Such things may be imagined, but words have no power to impress the mind with the exquisite horror of their reality. Let it suffice that we thrived heartily upon this ungodly

## THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK

diet for many days ; by some carelessness we had lost all track of time but the rigging that the ship was luckily endowed with, enabled us to keep a straight course, --- a course directly west, for in this direction, we knew, lay the broad coast of Australia.

But our reckoning was far wrong, as was proved to us one sunshiny morning when a good stiff breeze glided us safely in to port of the beautiful city --- Honolulu.



## THE LITERARY GIANT

**Y**ou have, no doubt, heard of an old time author, who, through some ungodly fluke of nomenclature, has become known to the world as Shakespeare. (see Bacon) He had a terrible habit of giving vent to his wrath by swearing in high fillutin language, hence our classic literature.

But he's dead, if I'm not mistaken, and it behooves me to begin writing at once. The present age can manage to put up with old Shake, but posterity, that is *the* thing, therefore, I will bequeath, as I alone can, the product of a mighty pen, to posterity. I have thought proper to premise thus much, to inable you to appreciate the way I have *de nier ce que est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas*. It may please your fancy to learn the method of procedure that brought me fame --- simple. It was thus wise: taking pen in hand I wrote to the Daly-Liyer as follows:

Editor, Dear Sir :-

What information have you concerning the young author, Lodbrogg the half wit? Has he not recently issued a volume of his later works, and if so, under what title? His earlier work promised a brilliant future. His poems were palpably the precursors of a finished and pleasing style. Their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. A harmony pervades the whole, a perfect modulation of numbers seldom surpassed and not very often equalled in compositions of this class.

I understand that Lodbrogg resides at Bentley and is contemplating a trip abroad. Is this true? Any information concerning his latest work will greatly oblige,

J. M. F.

This letter succeeded wonderfully; the editor bit, and my fame got a start off on its first foot

Thus encouraged, I immediately penned another of self inquiry to "The Phool." To wit:

## THE LITERARY GIANT

Editor, Dear sir:-

Please inform me through your column as to some of the earlier and minor poems of lodbrogg, whose recently published volume of poems are now displayed side-by-side with Keats' works in New York book stores.

The finished character of these poems has led me to make a study both of them and of the author, and for this reason I wish to have his former productions before me. I am sure they must have presaged the present acknowledged transcendence of Lodbrogg. In "The Politician" he deals with passion and with humor; he has emerged from abstract and pure dissertation; he renders morality visible and truth expressive; he gives his ideas an attractive physiognomy.

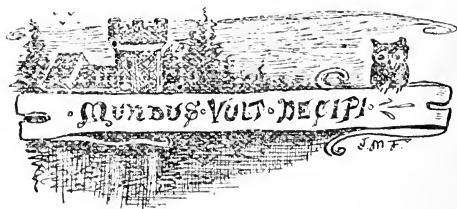
In short, he is a finished writer, perfected evidently by a knowledge of the fine arts. By experience with the world and study of style, by continuous and delicate study of all that is worthy in things and men, in life and art. It has been stated that Lodbrogg resides at Bentley Iowa, but this is an error. He frequently

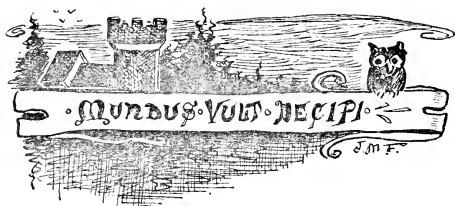
visits a friend of his there, that runs a moon-shine tonsorial parlor; but his real home is at the foot of the town sewer in Frisco, some where in the west.

He is said to be contemplating a pleasure trip through the slums of Reno during the coming summer. A little of your valuable space devoted to this subject would greatly edify,

J. M. F.

The editor never dreamed that I myself, was the Lodbrogg in question, and I arose the following morning to find myself famous. I was lauded by every paper in the nation. I felt a devilish thrill of pride, like a virtuous young girl that is about to be attacked by a ruffian, in short I was elated. And now that I am writing I will write as I please --- *Con tal que las costumbres de un autor, sean puras y castas, importa muy poco que no sean igualmente severas sus obras,* or in other words: though moral, these tales contain no moral.





## TELCANI

Poor Telcani. I knew him well ; he was a fine manly fellow and had a hand as open as day, and a heart of unsophisticated generosity. We had been intimate friends from early boyhood. and when we left college, we stood together in this indscribable world with less discribable plans for the future.

Various were the schemes and designs we projected for the advancement of our fortunes, but each succeeding day found us as undecided as ever. Among the many amusements we followed, to beguile the time, was that of rambling; and what pastime is more congenial to the unionism of hearts, than a long walk through the ragged mountains, following in fellowship the windings of some beautiful stream as it curls about endless caverns and gigantic cliffs, occasionally losing itself in dark and silent forests. One dismal day, as the shades of evening were drawing on, we were loitering leisurely along the banks of the river

Marn, we were at least some seven miles from any habitation; and suddenly, as we emerged from a dank cluster of cypress we found ourselves approaching upon a camp of wandering Gipsies. Telcani proposed, that for a frolic, we should request some seer or seeress to pass, prophetically, upon our future.

To this I gladly assented, and a moment later found us seated comfortably in the private quarters of Vera Guidel; she was the belle of the tribe and was considered a genius of uncommon qualifications; Telcani tendered a piece of money and she took his hand for a reading.

"Ah" she said, raising her eyes slowly to meet his "Thine is a meloncholy destiny and I see that thy name is Telcani" she closed her quivering lids and shook her head in a most sympathetic manner.

"Very good! that's excellent!" said my friend. 'this promises to be interesting; come now,

'If thou canst look into the seeds of time,  
And tell which will grow and which will not,'

"Tell me the worst that shall ever befall me and I will

pay you well. "See" she said, pointing to the distant evening sky above the far horizon. "The stars are beginning to burn brightly in the heavens. Look! seest thou not yon planet near to the belt of Orion? 'Tis thine," here she extended her long bronze-like arms toward it, making certain gestures with incoherent sentences to herself.

My merry friend became completely subdued by her singular manner. and gazed upon the planet intently, he seemed to be astonished in regards to her knowledge, and remained silent while she continued.

"The stars are fountains of truth, as you are no doubt aware, and I see by them that a peril of a most fatal nature awaits you." She was now speaking in accents that were distinctly english.

"But when --- where?" asked Telcani, earnestly.

"Where the summer blooms not, and in a dreary region, where the stars look not down nor where the song birds ever sing; as I say, yours is a melancholy destiny; yet, 'tis true; my dear, an evil genius is your guide and your future is a perpetuity of clouds"

"Woman! or witch!" cried Telcani, "you thrill my soul. Speak to me more plainly. You may, or you may not know, but I have a heart for any danger."

"I know thou hast" she broke in "but thy star has departed from view, and all further prescience is denied me. Remember, in seven years thou shalt.....but enough," and she glided silently from the hut, leaving Telcani transfixed in bewilderment; I myself was at loss to fully comprehend her peculiar prediction and we sat for some time in utter silence and dismay.

Finally, I endeavored to rally him from his superstitious stupor, and bidding our gipsy friends adieu we left the camp and proceeded on our journey. Telcani soon regained his natural flow of spirits, and at mid night, as we lounged lazily over our refreshments at the inn, the whole affair was nearly forgotten, still, several times we referred to it, but only in a spirit of mirth and our chance companions of the cafe joined merrily in coining ridiculous puns and anecdotes, at the expense of the wandering sorcerers.

Many years after this little adventure, I was residing

in one of the principal sea ports of England, where I became intimately acquainted with the captain of the *Aloysius*, a vessel that was usually employed in whaling excursions along the shores of Spitzbergen.

From his agreeable manners in conjunction with the glowing description he gave me of his adventures in that desolate region, gave me a strong desire to make a trip there, and I no sooner expressed myself in this regard, when he tendered me free passage; he treated me royally, and I was given to understand that I was to consider myself a privileged character and that all hospitalities aboard the *Aloysius* were to be taken for granted. So, being comparatively my own master, I at once accepted.

It was but a few weeks later that we set sail from the port of Hull; ours was a gallant crew and we put to sea, satisfied to the man.

After a run of forty days, during which time we visited the Orkney Islands, we found ourselves, upon taking exact reckoning to be lying between 9 and 24 E. lon., and 76, 30 and 80 N. latitude.

The season selected for the pursuance of the fishery is during the short summer, --- when vegetation springs forth with such rapidity that the spot, which perhaps the night before was a plain of ice, will appear in the morning a fresh and verdant meadow. The shrubs will be clothed with leaves, the air heavy with fragrance and the scream of the plover, and the pipe of the partridge are heard from every direction.

Having been extremely fortunate in completing our cargo sooner than we expected, the captain and myself resolved to enjoy the fine shooting that was to be found among the islands. One day, so exciting had been the sport, that we found ourselves at a considerable distance from the shore, indeed so far, that we knew it would be impossible to regain the ship before dark.

Consulting our compass, we therefore figured to make a short path accross the island (a long rugged strip that seperated us from view of the ship) that we may be discerned by the crew, and save them from any apprehension respecting our safety. On reaching the summit of the ridge that seperated from view, we stopped to regain our breath and to take a circular

survey of the distant surrounding. The sun was just sliding below the horizon, and the men aboard waved to us from the ship. Turning our gaze to the south we were surprised to see a large vessel as if lying at anchor, or rather imbedded in the ice.

We were at loss to account for her sudden appearance, especially so near at hand, and it was but a few hours before, too, that we turned our glass in every direction as far as it could descry and saw nothing.

Our curiosity was greatly excited and we studied the peculiar craft for some time. Ofcourse, we at first took it to be but an optical delusion. But on learning later that it was not, my companion and I agreed to pay the new comer a visit upon the spot.

There was a sheen of thick ice that the ship stood against broad side; and as we neared her, we discovered that the sails were hanging in tatters; the rigging was broken and entangled, while the bowsprit seemed to be gone entirely. There were no visible

## TELCANI

signs of her being manned and we were standing within a hundred paces to where she was lodged. She was a bark of about a 1000 tons and was wedged firmly in the ice. It was apparent that she had suffered much; I fired my gun to attract some or whatever attention could be attracted.

All remained in absolute silence, save one solitary curlew that rose from the deck, that kept screaming and wheeling around as if unwilling to leave. With considerable difficulty we climbed aboard; and as we decked her, the first thing that greeted our gaze was the form of a dog, stretched out as if in slumber. I touched him with the toe of my boot, but he did not move, and I then discovered that the brute was stiff and lifeless.

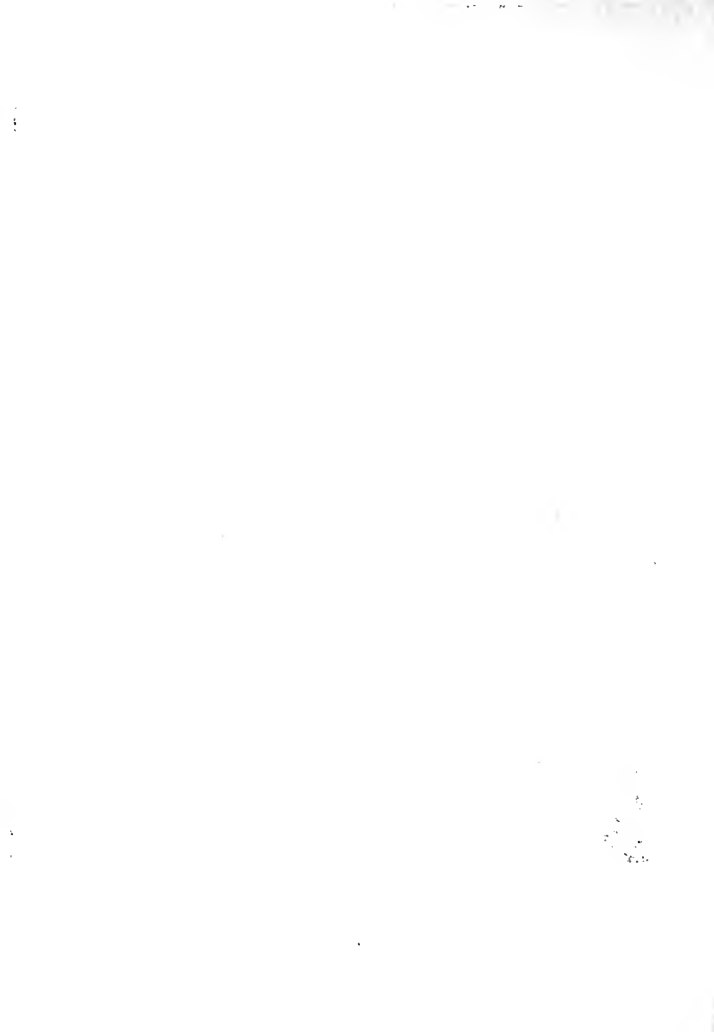
The carcass was perfect and entire, and was without the slightest sign of decomposition or decay; it was preserved, no doubt, by the extreme severity of the climate.

Every where around us lay emblems of neglect and desolation, Evidently, the vessel had been deserted, but for what purpose, we were at loss to determine.

**"Cause and effect" Painting by Flagg, Now hanging  
In the Paris Salon, Paris.**



"CAUSE AND EFFECT." PARIS SOLON; PAINTED BY FLA-20.



On dislacing one of the hatch lids we found that the cargo was a valuable one, and it was a solemn and singular sight to find thus a gallant monarch of the deep, at the mercy of the wind waves.

We descended the companion-way to the cabin and found the door ajar --- all was darkness and quiet, I placed my foot upon some substance and as I bent down to feel I encountered a human hand that was cold and clammy.

I staggered back, startled --- the captain struck a light, and a scene of horror, of most indispensible nature burst into view. Around the table sat several bodies, erect and cold, in the embrace of Death.

All were rigid and in different attitudes and all that remained of the eyes of each man were the empty sockets; but their flesh was well intact, and in a wonderfully distinct state of preservation, yet, a green and viscous mould had settled completely over them. On the floor; on the lockers, and in every discernible

quarter, lay bodies cold and lifeless, and around the stove, in which remained nothing but a few ashes, was a group of unfortunate beings, as if in their expiring moments they had crowded together to catch the last glow of the dying embers.

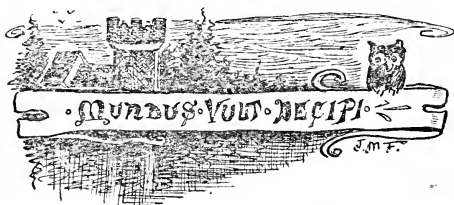
In a chair at the head of the table, sitting erect and in a very dignified attitude, was apparently the captain. Before him, lay the log-book, and in his scrawny fingers he clutched a pen, and had, no doubt, expired in the act of writing.

His features, like all the others, were cold and rigid. His was a pleasing personality and I felt that strange, undefinable sympathy of the soul which makes one (in the society of certain individuals) feel an odd and inexplicable familiarity.

This feeling often leads one to believe in the theory of reincarnation and we are determined to swear, in the majority of such cases, that we knew the person or persons, during one of our former existances upon the earth. I picked up the written pages and read:

"Oct, 13 th. 1903, - One hundred and forty two days we have been frozen in the ice -- and still no prospect of relief -- the last of the entire crew expired today. I am now alone -- my sight fails -- or perhaps the lamp burns dimly -- my limbs have lost all feeling and my heart seems pulseless -- no use the wires are down and nothing is left to me but dea....."

This was the last few lines of a long paper which he had written. The mystery had now been explained the vessel had been frozen in ice with all hopes of escape shut off, rendering the crew a sacrifice to cold and famine. Turning to the first page of the log I was greatly surprised to read: LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP JASON, Captain R. Telcani. HULL 1897.



## MERITORIOUS IDIOCY

In the begining (when ever that was) there loomed above the literary horizon, a clan of puerile poets that originated, no doubt, during the reign of young King Dunce, and during the days when Ned-in-the-first-reader was a constituent of the literati.

It seems that these brilliants have extended through all the ages, and even now, one can hardly pick up a sheet of current literature without being confronted with some of the handy work produced by them.

These beings(?) often style themselves Meteoric Geniuses --- we have but to bear in mind, that a meteor of any considerable brightness is always closely pursued by a comet (an editor) with firey wings and murderous intentions. In one hand the comet carries a pair of scissors, in the other a club. Often times a blue pencil is tucked maliciously above his ear. It is well to note the position of the scissors, for should the comet carry them in his waist coat pocket, he is not an editor, but a clerk in a dry goods store and represents nothing.

True genius is always hated and persecuted by the editors, and if you wish to be successful in literature, you must be stupid, pedantic, white-cravatted and hypocritical. A thorough dunder head is often a success with the editor, while you, with your real genius only succeed in exciting his ire.

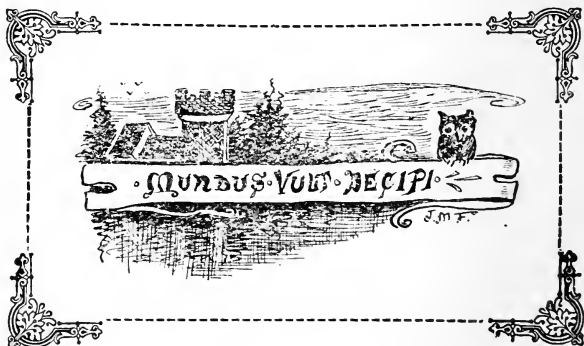
You are, no doubt, familiar with the poet that hails from the "Slum-gush School" a worthy lot of "Whitcombe-Longfellows" that beg for recognition by filling childrens magazine's with those playfully simple, charming, yet wonderfully moral Christmas copy; disgustingly prefaced as a "feast of good things from the always readable pen of the delightful purveyors of innocent juvenile instruction and amusement." A run of this junk appears below:

I know a little maid, her eyes are very blue  
Her lips are very red; but what is that to you?  
Her name? Now, is it Maud? Ah, no - um! no; but well,  
Perhaps if I DID know, perhaps I would n't tell.

You see, we're lovers true, and there's a saying -- well

That certain, certain things a swain must never tell  
But swains may sing their love, so sing I: "Tra, la, la"  
I love my pretty lass, for I'm her dear papa.

The producers of this style of "bland sweetness" are many, and the sooner a damper is put on these candy-coated sciolists, just that much sooner will we be freed from their ninnyfied twattle.





From a painting of Anna Katherine, german sculptoress  
by J.M.Flagg, whom afterward became his wife







## THE MUNDIST

With a feeling of deep, yet most singular friendliness I regarded Antecletus L'Arabee. Thrown into his society many years ago, my psychological susceptibilities, from our first meeting, were strangely conscious of a certain mental affiliation.

L'Arabee's erudition was profound; his power of mind was gigantic, while his talents were polished and hued to the last point of capillary fineness.

I felt this, and, in many matters, became his pupil, however, be all this as it may; we find Fate has little or no partiality for none. As for myself, fortune, in so far as worldly wealth is concerned, has favored me to a very great degree. Now, Antecletus L'Arabee was very poor, but we were thorough comrades, notwithstanding, and we would spend hours and hours in solveing some psychological problem as

we wandered away the dead stretches of long summer nights; our walks were generally through the most deserted parts of the city, still, there were times when we would spend an entire night confabbing over our glasses in some remote resort.

"Do you know," he said one evening, "It is a sorrowful thing to be poor; to be poor, and conscious that poverty prevents one from occupying a position in society that with honor one could fill; to see others promonading the higher walks of life, with no other influence than wealth alone, makes the heart sicken, and the spirit despair. You see," he continued; "poverty in my case is exceedingly painful, that is, painful to me, as it hinders me from marrying the maid of my heart --- Amozonis Cathliek."

I was more than surprised upon hearing him speak thus, and it was from this period on, that we gradually drifted apart; through his pride, however, he sturdily refused what ever financial aid I proffered.

Time flew on, as time has, and always will. And it was some years after that I was passing on horse-back through the ancient and royal borough of

Stirling. It was a beautiful and bright sunny day; when nature seems to burst forth with new enthusiasm and condescends to commingle with the commonplace. On the right, the Ochil mountains rear their heads into purple heights of haze, while to the left ranged the Cheviots. In the center of the scene gleamed the serpentine windings of the Forth, and above all on its mountain summit rose the castle of Stirling,

**"LIKE SOME OLD VETERAN GREY IN ARMS  
AND ROUGH WITH MANY A SEAMY SCAR"**

All that came to view was a semblance of peace and beauty; not a sound fell upon the ear but of melody and bliss.

As I entered the principal street, all was solemn silence, no bustle nor turmoil of the natural attendants of society were to be seen or heard --- it seemed as though the angel of pestilence had suddenly cast his mantle over the earth. The daily routine of everyday life was quite forgotten --- in a broad central highway groups of citizens stood in gaping wonder, upon every countenance was an expression of fear and if they moved, it seemed as though they were heavily depressed by some ungodly terror.

I was amazed, and a melancholy gloom pervaded my spirit; a sense of insufferable ennui slowly spread over my soul. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest images of the desolate or terrible.

I looked upon the scene before me with an utter depression which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the feelings of one that walks a lonesome road under a strain of self imposed horror.

There was an iciness, a sinking and sickening of the heart --- an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime; for the life of me, could I thoroughly account for certain peculiar misgivings and with great reluctance --- rode forward.

Just above the heads of the crowd, stood a black solitary scaffold; while from a huge transverse beam hung two ropes with prepared nooses; hanging in wait for their unhappy victims. I dismounted and stood almost breathless; cold drops gathered upon my

brow. A deep heavy stroke of a bell broke dismally upon the air; I stood in sightless study for a moment, when again the gigantic tone rolled forth, my heart beat in a most peculiar manner; suddenly, a fierce blast of a bugle brought me to my senses; an universal murmuring was running through the crowd, then all was quiet.

Came the sound of clattering horses' hoofs, and down a narrow tree-shaded street, proceeded a line of cavalry with drawn sabres glittering in the sunshine.

The crowd mechanically gave way --- the voice of the commanding officer rose in rough and imperative tones. Above this shrine of Moloch, loomed a dark and gloomy building; in its front was the dial of a clock; it was running close unto three.

A voice behind me exclaimed in a whisper --- "I hear them coming, I know; I've been hear before"

"Who, coming?" I ejaculated in an unnatural tone.

"The Mundists, sir; the Mundist martyrs" replied the same voice. I turned --- he was an old man, his head was uncovered and his hair floated like silver in the sun.

A low and distant sound was heard, yet, a sound that was harsh and grating on the ear. The crowd heaved like the swell of an ocean and a groan of horror burst from every quarter; --- the next moment the car of death and justice rolled into view. There were two prisoners, each sitting stolidly and erect as they rode. Two coffins were improvised into seats, and the prisoners were bare necked ready for the execution.

In front sat the executioner, robed in a loose black gown and was a figure hideous to the eyes of all, on his head he wore a black cowl, and over his face he wore a mask of the same color.

"What are these Mundists, and of what are they guilty?" said I, to the elderly gentleman.

"Ah, they are the poor fools that think all men are equally capable in all things and that men of efficiency should be doomed to spend their days in close association with the scum of the earth; they corrupt the word mundane, and are a rascally bunch of agitating socia....."

At this juncture the prisoners stepped out upon the scaffold, my old friend Antecletus L'Arabee was one of them.



## THE COPPER BOX

It may not occur to you that I am a dead man; am, and have been for many years. Ofcourse, at the time of this writing I was quite alive; but why linger over the vaporous detail of the hazy past; my body has long since returned to its original ashes, while my soul, may, at this very moment, be standing at your side.

Perhaps you would be pleased to know that this is indited in a dank and musty tomb, that crumbles on the hill of Sere, and lies in the center of the cemetery Pere La Chase.

.....

On the entry of the opposing forces into Paris, a beautiful young lady arrived at the Hotel Delorme she was without any attendant --- could scarcely speak

a word of French, and appeared to be suffering with a severe attack of mental agitation. From her singular appearance and being alone, some delicacy was felt in receiving her.

It was later learned that she was in Paris in an effort to locate her betrothed, who was a young officer of some renown; but from whom she received no tidings since the beginning of the war. She fell in with an elderly lady, who listened with kindness to her story and promised her every assistance within her power; and the two of them concentrated every possible effort to gather in whatever clue there was, that had any bearing upon the missing young man.

On the morning following one of their late hour chats, and as early as decorum would permit, the couple accordingly sallied forth. Those who have never beheld a great city in the hands of a triumphant enemy, can conjecture nothing so singularly exciting and picturesque; never was the strength and brilliancy of war more gorgeously displayed than when the Parisian capital was in the hands of the Teutons.

Warriors of every nation were assembled there, the bold and ferocious cossack, the hardy Russian, the warlike Austrian, the dreamy Italian, the crass ignorant German, in fact, subjects of all nations were promiscuously scattered throughout the city, guarding with lynx-eyed vigilance lest the ever stragetic French might disavow there abdication, and by some sudden ruse, again bid defiance to their conquerors.

The two females passed through crowds of men of every type and discription, suddenly the young lady caught sight of a young soldier of the 12th Hussars

"Ah!" she exclaimed --- "I must see him, he will tell me, I'm sure he knows." and she stumbled forward into his arms.

The soldier's head sunk upon his breast and he pressed his hand nervously to his brow.

"It was on the field of Mount St. Jean, and ...."

"I know! I know!" she exclaimed, at the same moment a wild and piercing laugh burst from her bosom and she turned and fled; fled from them never to return.

It was but three days later to this occurrence

that I returned from the front, and by some peculiar freak of chance I met the young soldier of the 12th almost immediatly. He informed me in a very few words that my beloved Theda was in a very precarious condition, and may at any moment become a mother. However, I finally located her at the Hotel Fabre I then learned that she had passed away; I was greatly dazed. Reluctantly, and with a heart full of sorrow I approached the bed-chamber of the departed; the room was large, and very dark, and at every step within its gloomy precincts I encountered the paraphernalia of the grave. The coffin, so a menial told me, lay surrounded by the purple curtains just before my eyes, and in that coffin, he whisperingly assured me, was all that remained of the fair Theda.

Who was it that asked if I desired to view the corpse? I had seen the lips of no one move, yet the question had been demanded, and the syllables still lingered in the room. It was impossible to refuse and with a sense of suffocation I dragged myself to the side of the bed. Gently I uplifted the sable draperies of the curtains; as I let them fall they

decended upon my shoulders, and shutting me thus out from the living, enclosed me in the strictest communion with the dead. The very atmosphere was redolent of death; the peculiar smell of the coffin sickened me, and I fancied that a deleterious odor was already exhaling from the body.

I would have given worlds to escape --- to fly from the pernicious influence of mortality, and breathe once again the pure air of the heavens; but I did not have the power to move, and there I stood, gazing upon the frightful length of the rigid body as it lay before me in the dark, lidless coffin. Did my brain reel? or had she really turned her eyes toward me!

I did not remain to ascertain the authenticity of my suspicions, but sprang convulsively from her side, and, uttering no word, rushed forth a maniac from that apartment of triple horror, mystery and death.

Long years have since rolled away, and in the tomb of my beloved deceased I have spent the greater part of my time. The false report of my death at St. Jean was disastrous. And now, these pages I will carefully fold, and gently; oh, so gently place them beneath the lid and among the ashes of the blessed Theda where they still repose quietly in a gruesome copper box.

## UNEARTHLY CLAY

There was never a woman more lovely than Estell. And I can swear to this upon my soul. Kings had bent their knee before the shrine of her smiles and men of every description were her willing attendants.

As for myself; I am a sculptor of great renown, and it may be needless to add that my joy knew no bounds as my wedding with this heavenly goddess drew near.

Her father, who had just died, was much averse to our intention, and his last words were in the shape of a curse, which he endeavored to bring down upon our heads; his death, however, was the close to all objections and the night set for our marriage was

scheduled to be a very popular affair. This event was soon at hand; the gorgeous apartments of the beautiful Estell were thrown open to the many guests.

The princely; the noble; the talented and the beautiful; painters, sculptor, and men of all rank were present; for invitations were circulated far and wide.

At seven o'clock the more favored guests arrived guests that were related to my bride or myself.

Though the lady of my heart professed to be extremely happy, I could easily see that faint uneasiness with which all women experience on approaching the altar.

A rumor was afloat that steps were being taken to interrupt the ceremony, therefore, we had four gentlemen stand with naked swords. As the cardinal began the service, Estell and I were kneeling at his feet, and just as I was about to place the ring upon her finger, a glittering stiletto grasped by a naked arm, descended from one of the crowd into the bosom of my bride. She gave a wild shriek and fell into my arms. So instant-

aneous was the blow with the appearance of the arm that there was no time to either defend or protect her. But ere the hand was withdrawn, it was cleft at the wrist by a man on guard.

The assassin, in the commotion, had instantly fallen back and hid amid the throng. The loss of his hand had, to some degree, aided him to escape, as the fall of the hand had monopolized the immediate attention of the company.

"No need to worry" said the house officer with the broad mustache and narrow mind, "the loss of his hand is his undoing, he can never escape."

The excitement became intense ! Every man looked upon his neighbor with horror and suspicion, and all terrified to know that an assassin was among them.

"As I live !" broke in the man who had severed it; "'tis a woman's" and he held up to view a very exquisitely formed hand, the drops of crimson gore that had, in some manner stained its back, brought out a most beautiful contrast in color; the fingers were singularly symmetrical, and on one of them was a ring of peculiar setting.

"This ring," exclaimed the dunderheaded detective "will enable me to bring the villian to justice, calm yourselves folks, I'll land the wretch sooner or later and don't you forget it."

For the moment my brain reeled and clasping the corpse of my dreams into my arms, fled wildly into an adjoining room. The murderer was no where to be found in the chapel; no traces of blood were visible in any of the apartments, and the whole terrible affair remained wrapped in mystery.

The hand that had been cast upon the alter for public recognition, was given to me and I carefully placed it within my pocket; I kissed the fair Estell a last farewell and with a heart bowed with sorrow departed from the scene.

There was no need of my remainig in the city longer and I forthwith departed for Paris. The extraordinary affair seemed to be a marvelous circumstance and was the momentary sensation throughout the entire country. But at length, though still remaining a mystery, the public interest subsided, and in a few weeks all comment had died away; for, startling events

follow upon the steps of each other too frequently and men have too much of their own concerns to regard, to suffer any one particular subject to long engage their minds.

One night toward the small hours of morning, I was slightly startled by a light tapping upon the door; I had not yet retired and was lounging dreamily in my studio over a mug of rum; as I turned my head in the direction of the sound, the door slowly opened and a tall middle-aged man entered snugly enveloped in a heavy grey cloak. On his head was a low cap, much in the manner of a priest's; he entered and closed the door behind him.

There was something in the air of this person that instantly impressed me with awe; and rising, I awaited his wants; he walked very near and motioned me to be re-seated, I obeyed in silence; his eyes seemed to arrest mine like a basilisk's, his brow was broad and intellectual, his face was very firm and commanding, while his eyes were brilliant and inconceivably penetrating.

"You are the sculptor I presume" said he, in a deep musical voice; and I nervously nodded in the affirmative.

"I need the aid of your art, and my wishes must be complied with; we will depart at once."

I dropped my gaze to the floor and contemplated the proposition for some time, and at length, for some unaccountable reason complied. I felt like one under a severe spell of mesmerism, and a few moments later found us hurrying along the Rue de Neau, and turning suddenly into a dimly lighted cul de sac we stepped into the majestic entrance of some magnificent dwelling. It was dark, save where the moonlight streamed through the tall narrow windows, and after passing through several long halls of princely grandeur he led me into a small but elegant chamber.

"Is he with you, signor?" cried a young female of exquisite beauty, rising from an ottoman rather impatiently.

"He has obeyed me to the letter" he said "and will be at your exclusive service for the remainder of the night." he turned to me with an

expression of command and motioned me to step forward; in confronting her, I became conscious that I knew her well; she was about twenty-two, and, with a faultless face and figure, her features were characterized by the finest expression of Italian beauty.

As I say, I knew her well, for she was the model and cast-off mistress of my stay in Rome; yet, neither of us gave any sign of recognition.

"Prepare your tools and clay, and take your station by the lady's couch!" commanded the mesmerist; (for such he was) I complied, overwhelmed with wonder and growing curiosity; one of her arms was bared half up, displaying a contour of matchless beauty.

She smiled in a most melancholy manner as I approached; when, to my great surprise, she disrobed her right arm, the hand was gone! Instantly the fate of my lady Estell flashed before me, but by neither look nor deed, did I give vent to my feelings.

The mesmer, in full faith of his insanity, endeavored to convert the hand of clay, which I modeled, into a living member; he bent low over the female, and with his uncanny power soon had her into a deep and lasting sleep. The opportunity for revenge was superb, I had my dirk pinning them in death with but a single stroke, and they are still lying, no doubt; face face, mouldering, moment by moment into a mass of unearthly clay.

## THE CASE OF JAMES GAFFEEN

Philosophy is but an artistic arrangement of consoling thoughts, yet, all things are phased to some extent by its compelling persistency.

What ever were the philosophic powers of James Gaffeen is a matter of little or no moment, nor was his religion to be found either here nor there, but his was a fate that amused me to a very deep degree and I have often whiled the monotonous hours of many nights, silently pondering over his peculiar case.

Vice is always a virtue in the estimation of its possessor; therefore, I can safely say, that I have been marvelously blessed with a turn of mind that takes the greatest delight in the weirdest, and most morbid melancholia attainable.

Now the prison at Waxholm is a dreary building, and stands in a most dejected manner on the soggy side of an ancient hill, its classic outline looming above its immediate surrounding.

It was at this house of correction that, by pretending to be an inmate, I managed to live in close communion, with the outlaw, James Gaffeen.

"It is a sad thing" said he, one day "That a man, even for a moment, should be forcibly torn from the side of one whom he loves; just such a case is mine, I admit that I have always lived just a little out of the strict and narrow limits of the law, but, with all, I'm a philosopher, As well as a man of high morals. Listen;" he said, turning to me with a stare of assertion "The Queen of this very country is my affinity; I first met her in the woods at Narni, she had, through some freak of chance, become seperated from her companions, and not knowing at the time that she was the queen, I rode roughly up to her and dismounted.

She regarded me in utter silence for some time, but at length, as she was about to whip up her horse I threw my arms about her waist and lifted her to the ground; much to my surprise, she uttered no cry of

fear, but with an impulsive struggle released herself and stepped a pace away confronting me with an air of superiority. But knowing as I do, that all people are of one standard, as far as sex is concerned --- I stepped forward, and crushed her to my bosom with many passionate kisses."

'Respect me' she cried 'I am your queen!' and drew herself up in a most dignified manner. But a man of my character heeds no "I am better than thou" gestures, nor any other frivolity of the like.

"The strangest part of the whole affair" continued the bandit "lies in the fact that she returned my love and agreed to meet me the following day at the same time and place; so the next day, as I drew into the tryst, I was surrounded by an armed guard and placed into this infernal prison; but why should I care!" he added in a tone of self encouragement "The Queen's love is the key to my liberty, and my instinctive faith in her undying affection can never be shattered....."

"Come Gaffeen!" interrupted the jailer, swinging wide the door "The Queens will must be done, and the executioner awaits you."



## THE LITERARY MARTYR

Antonio Phrench was an author of uncommon qualifications; that is to say; he was an author whose uncommon qualification for gall and unparalleled affrontery was unsurpassed. As the editor of the "Argo" it befell me to have many dealings with this young Don Quixote of the pen, and many, and many a time I was tempted to throttle him without warning.

He would sit for hours and chew at his pipe like a cat eating taffy and with inimitable persistence he would urge upon one to both read and praise his latest abortive tales. Be all this as it may, for he died; and is no doubt fully dead in every sence of the word. Upon his death bed, however, he handed me his last will and testament, through which I learned that I was his sole heir; and it is, no doubt, needless to add that all his wealth, in its entirety, consisted of one dollar and thirty cents financially and two thousand manuscripts, disadvantageously.

## THE LITERARY MARTYR

As for myself; I am anything but extravagant, and it is with some reluctance that I here set his masterpiece "Veiled circumstances" into print.  
IT FOLLOWS.....

Fanned by pearl-colored zephyrs, Rosa and John sauntered along the sweet-scented sward. in the distance an trouty fisherman was plodded gayly homeward.

"Let me tell you, John" said Rosa, speaking very earnestly; "let me tell of the kind of love that I fancy. I fancy a love made up of strength and muscle, with soul and brawn stirred in; a love vibrant with cyclons' volcanos, earthquakes, pile drivers and switch engines; a love that can kill an oak tree with but a single embrace; a love that can drink boiling lava as though it were the nectar of the gods; in short I must have, and hold licentiousness forever and anon.

"That is my idea exactly" said John; "And I demand a love that could put old Father Time into the kindergarden." They tried to stare at one-another, but their eyes were so full of eager-

## THE LITERARY MARTYR

ness and local physical attraction they could see nothing. The sky presented an extraordinary appearance. In some places there were patches of yellowish orange, like ripe pumpkins washed by the early morning dew; and then, anon, one could see areas of greenish blues, blackish whites and all around the burning moon-light was recalcitrating violently from the immediate surrounding.

Great flashes of refracted sun-rays sifted thru' the damp breath of a tired rhinoceros. The universal harmony stimulated the aggravation of the cockchafer and a bunch of flimsy clouds puddled around in the sky as nature intended they should do. One does not often behold an evening of such gorgeous and abnormal beautification; upon this specific occasion mother nature was no slob, Mother Nature on this night was patterning *a la Francaise* and her *beaux yeux* glittered salaciously *a l'outrance*. It was beyond all doubt, a night of glory, to be concise, I may say, without fear of contradiction that it was a glorious night; in a word,

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the night was glorious. As they turned into an open *cul desac* they met the girl's father. "Ah there ! you old stiff" says John "Your refusal to grant our marriage is a joke, I know --- ha! ha! ha! how *very* pleasant you are at times."

"Ho ! ho ! ho !" said he, "curse you! yes!"

"I *knew* you would come to time; now listen old scout, just when do you think it had better come off?"

"Come off, you scoundrel! what do you mean by that? better wait till it goes on."

"Ha! ha! ha! --- he, he, he! that's good too" said John "oh, that's capital --- *such* a wit! but all we want just now, is your consent and blessing, also" he continued "we would like you to set the date, and stipulate it precisely."

Here the old man, first opened his eyes and then his mouth to quite a remarkable extent, and in this condition he remained, (ever anon pressing his hand to his fore-head) until John had finished with his palaver. Then the old man gazed helplessly heavenward, staggered about almost lifelessly, and --- expired. Notwithstanding, however, I can safely say that

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it was a glorious night. The couple turned into the "Dew drop Inn" for refreshments and to inquire into the condition of the weather, not so much that they had anything in common with the atmospheric phenomena prevalent, but simply from the fact that the weather is, was, and always will be the principal topic of all time. John stepped quickly up to the side of the *restaurateur* and whispered much in the manner of one about to commit murder.

"How's the weather?"

The question was a deep one, and the *restaurateur* was utterly transfixed upon the spot.

"The weather?" asked the proprietor, as he pondered upon the profundity of the subject, "It is the weather of which you ask?"

"Yes, yes."

"Very well; the weather is, beyond all doubt in a most lovely con.....

"No sir" snapt John, with an air of injured innocence. And again applied his stupendous query to the bewildered proprietor.

## THE LITERARY MARTYR

"How's the weather?"

"The weather," started the *restaurateur* gazing helplessly about, "is undoubtedly" ----

"No sir!"

"Indubitably" ----

"No sir!"

"Indisputably" ---

"No sir!"

"Evidently" ---

"No sir "

"Incontrovertibly" ---

"No sir!"

"For God's sake, shut up!"

"No sir, the weather is *no* such thing!" The weather is simply glorious, *glorious!!*"

The sudden enlightenment was too much for the rheumy vitativeness of the teutonic *restarateur*, who leaped into the air with all the characteristics of the blubbery german, and splattered himself

## THE LITERARY MARTYR

in a gigantic mass of sanies upon the floor. A wise little frenchman seeing that the carcass was oozing with racial and anatomical grease, began to spread ashes about to prevent the fallen square-head from sliding out the front door; all this time, John stood spitting reflectively upon the bar. An irish inebriate who had studied medicine through the advertising pages of Puck pronounced the dutchman *dead!*

Upon hearing this, every man in the place held his breath, except the deceased teuton, and his breath was so strong he could'nt hold it. The noted pessimist, Loquacious Larabee, dropped his mug of rum-gudgeon, grabbed up the rusty stove shovel, and severed the corpse' head upon the spot.

"You see," he said, as he strung the cranium to the doric chandelier by its mangy locks "You see we have here a perfect specimen of ferreous refuse; now let the artist of the beautiful step a little bit nearer; Now gentlemen" he continued, "express yourselves."

"Divine!" shouted the ladies.(?)

"Divine" said the dead man's wife, entranced

"Divine!" shouted a chorus of voices.

"What's all this you're trying to devine?" broke in Jack London, staggering into the room under a load of rot-gut and lifted manuscripts; "Here men" he continued "To the hogs with this ill-fated tub of swill, avast! I say; and do as I bid, it must needs be my will and as an immortal rough-neck I tolerate nothing, my word is gold, cold and bold, and it is I that am .....

"Belay that!" interrupted Loquacios Larabee, astonished not more at the egotist's speech than at the monitive manner of the man --- "Belay that I say, I am the poet laureate of Bonehed's barber shop' and no bass varlet shall pull a fluke on me." At this juncture, great cries of "bravo" echoed thru' the building in guttural raucity; thus encouraged, the pessimistic poet laureate continued, "Let us all sluff a mug of rum" he said "in dire hatred, to London the literary lifter." as they finished, the flagitious fumes, filose as they were, suffocated the group, leaving a shade of veiled circumstances, hovering over all.

UPON THIS MSS. WAS THE ATTACHED NOTE, WHICH READ :

## THE LITERARY MARTYR

"Dear editor of the Argo:- My name is Mr. Antone Cross, of this I am quite certain, but my nom de plume, as you may be elated to learn is Antonio Phrench; that I have great *savoir vivre* you will see at once. I have been speaking the english tongue for several weeks, and take great delight in teaching a natural born American, the proper way in which to speak his hereditary tongue. I have often been alluded to as the modern Shakespeare, but this is a rank injustice to me, not so much that Shakespeare *was* a fool, but simply that I, myself, am his superior.

"I only know too well that *hooi soit qui maly pense*, and I have been blessed by *Deo, non fortuna*. It is absurd to contemplate my ever failing in this life, even for a moment, *C'est a dire, au pis aller, coute qu'il coute* I shall corner fame.

Your patronizing superior

*Antone Cross.*



## POETRY

I will not flatter the ignoramus by terming him a fool! And what is more difficult than to address an audience of dunderheads and brainless wonders? With this explanation, I feel that you will get my drift at once, and understand from the outset the cause of my hesitancy in essaying the following.

If you are criminal enough to associate the word rhyme as a synonym to art or poetry, you will, I fear, find little of interest in this paper, which is all to do with Poetry, --- Poetry, a word which awakens in different minds, according to their several tastes and constitutions, such very opposite feelings: the object of the enthusiasm of one party, of indifference to another, almost of contempt or reprobation to a third.

Subject to all this variety of appreciation, it seems only a natural course, and one suggested by that partiality which every writer is supposed

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to have for the theme of his own adoption, to commence with a brief description and vindication of its character; and yet, upon reflection, such a proceeding may be deemed almost superfluous. By those who are prepossessed in favor of the subject, what recommendation will be required, with those on the contrary who are prejudiced against it, what vindication will avail? It is in vain that we appeal to tastes and feelings which have no existence; it is in vain that we endeavor to alter the ingrained nature of things, or expect them to respond to us in any voice than their own, however powerful the hand, or cunning the touch to which they may be subjected. No skill in the performer can elicit harmony from discordant strings; no skill in the performer can alter the quality of the instrument, can call forth the deep voice of the violin cello, from the lute, or swell the tinkle of the guitar into the loud and lengthened clangors of the trumpet; the most enchanting prospect is a mere blank to the blind, and all the melting soul of harmony will plead in vain to the

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sealed up portals of the deaf. In like manner, it would be idle to *paint* to the imagination where there is no imagination to appreciate the *pourtraiture*, worse than idle to address the language of feeling to that breast, which is a stranger to all the finer and more generous impulses of our nature.

Rather, therefore, in compliance with form, and to extend that protection to my subject which it has a right to expect from me, than with any view to reason the callous or indifferent into taste and feeling, shall I briefly advert to its claims and character. What then is that subject, what is Poetry? The word is derived from the Greek verb which signifies *creation* or *invention*; and widely as Poetry has extended its signification, it still retains enough of its primitive character to vindicate the correctness of its derivation.

Poetry, indeed, is essentially creative: in its most simple form as the mere description of external nature, it is not a passive mirror idly

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reflecting objects placed before its eye; even here, it is an active discriminating and to a certain extent, a creative agent. It decomposes existing appearances, reduces them to their primary elements, and reconstructs more pleasing and effective combinations from the same: thus creative in its very origin, it develops the faculty more fully as it proceeds, 'till in its loftiest department it carries invention to the highest possible pitch, and becomes creative altogether.

Here it not only originates, but peoples a region of its own, it embodies passion, incident and character, and, interweaving the whole into the interest of connected narrative, calls forth a more animated, picturesque, and impassioned world.

Poetry is inventive in the very language it employs. Rejecting ordinary forms of expression, it is continually aspiring to more novel and striking combinations, altering with this view and interchanging the properties of things, tincturing and enrobing them with the colors and costume of each other, and thus regaling the imagination with a species of brilliant verbal

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masquerade. In simple prose, the ear listens, but poetry tells you in its own peculiar dialect that the ear inhales sweet sounds, thus borrowing the property of one sense and transferring it to another. But in these borrowings and transmutations there is truth and consistency. The "eye listens," would be a solecism in language, the term being strictly confined to the ear; but tho' the verb inhale has reference to the breath, yet it has truth and propriety as a general term for *Reciency* for *admitting* or *receiving*. But in its full amplitude of signification, Poetry is a comprehensive term indeed, embracing every thing that can interest or effect in the wide region of Nature or of Art.

When we gaze on the rising sun and feel our energies renewed with the renewed existence of the day, this is Poetry, the buoyant Poetry of hope and expectation; as the day advances and oppressed by the meridian heat we court the shade, and curtained by its verdant screen, abandon ourselves to all the luxurious lassitude of the noontide hour, this too is Poetry; as the

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day declines and sympathizing with that declension our spirits take a calmer hue, as if the brighter colors of the mind began to fade with the fading glories of the day, this too is Poetry; when night comes on with her solemn bend and silent stars, and we feel all the deep hushed serenity of that celestial hour, as if our spirits caught the tinge of that pale pure orb we gaze upon, although our feelings differ as much from what they were in the morning as does the young and radiant sun from his pensive pallid sister of the night, still this is Poetry.

The same remark applies to the imitative world. Chained to the chariot of triumphal art as we gaze enamoured of some finished production of the sculptor, and inhale the ambrosial aspect of a Venus or an Apollo; though statuary supplies the inspiration, Poetry is the feeling inspired; when we listen to harmonious sounds and experience those indescribable emotions which only Music can elicit from the soul, this too is Poetry; hence the Poetry of *music*; the Poetry of Sculpture; the Poetry of Painting; and when

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Pavlowa, the Queen of Dance, was said to exhibit in her performance the Poetry of Motion, there was not less philosophical truth, than delicate beauty in the compliment. Thus Poetry is intimately associated with whatever is most pure, impassioned or imaginative in Nature or in Art, with all that is most elevated in character, most exquisite in sensation; it raises the mind to a capacity for enjoying whatever is exalted and refined; it raises the most ordinary object or occurrence into a source of exalted and refined enjoyment.

The enlivener and vivifier of existence, it is continually enlarging, as we cultivate it, the sphere of our innocent enjoyments, so that a man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving; he can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

Having expressed my views upon this subject I will, without retrospection, continue to travel:

"Like one who walks a lonesome road  
Who's heart is full of dread,

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And having once looked 'round, walks on  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend,  
Does close behind him tread."



## AN ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

The author of "Greedy-Creed" was a marvel, and I can safely say, that his undying fame is *fait accompli* and, also, that he and Karl Marks are *gens de meme famille* when it comes to *jeu de mots*.

When this worthy knight of the inkwell first broke into print, it was, I am sorry to say, through the pages of the "Argo," a paper of which I am editor, proprietor and main Mogul.

Since the time his tale first appeared in my Journal, I have been so terribly harassed by the reading public that I have been feeling most uncomfortably simular to the immortal hero in a "Piece of string." There is no doubt but what his article was confined strictly to the truth, as he says in a note attached "..... and as my son and I entered the prison yard I was more than delighted upon stepping into the shadow of the gallows, it was in full preparation to receive some

fortunate (or unfortunate) victim of the noose. I am a man that has always made a practice of Poll-parroting ideas of others; still, it is but natural for a man minus intuition or construction to naw incessantly upon dead thoughts.

My opportunity was now at hand to poll-parrot the sensation of a man who waltzes with death at the end of a rope; being unable to delineate my sensations in proper elaboration, for I am only a cankerous radical, and my incapacibilities have always kept me shoulder to shoulder with Aesop's fox who sought the grapes; I therefore, will expect your staff to put my article out *comme il faut*, still, some years ago I put a bunch of words together, myself, and formed them into long mockish sentences that finally took on the appearance of a book. As I said, I was elated to behold the gallows and with an encouraging nudge from my companion, I gave a hop, skip and a jump vaulting the scaffold in a jiffy, then placing my bean through the enticing loop I dispatched myself upon the spot. As I am absolutely mechanical

## AN ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

and am the possessor of about as much free hand grace that's noticeable on a steam shovel, I wish that you would imagine my predicament and make it into a head-line story for your paper; start off with: die, I did not. Then suit yourself from there on, and obliged.

Sincerely

Cephalic Rock.

(My compliance appears very obvious in the sequel)

Die, I did not. the sudden jerk given to my neck as I shot through the drop, merely proved to be a sensation of a most pleasing nature, and but for the chafing of the rope, the pressure of the knot and the rapid swelling of my optics, I found, that hanging was, after all, an experience not to be forgotten, and too, it is a gift from the State to the people, of the very highest order.

I heard my heart beating with violence --- and the veins in my hands and wrists swelled

(NOTE -- CEPHALIC ROCK, IS THE CLUB NAME OF A NOTED RADICAL)

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

nearly to bursting, my temples throbbed tempestuously. Yet when I say that in spite of all this my sensations were *not* absolutely intolerable, I will not believe.

There were noises in my ears, first like the tolling of huge bells --- then like the beating of a thousand drums --- then, lastly, like the low, sullen murmurs of the sea. But these noises were far from being disagreeable.

Although, the powers of my mind were confused and distorted, yet I was --- strange to say! --- well aware of such confusion and distortion. I could, with unerring promptitude determine at will in what particulars my sensations were correct --- and in what particulars I wandered from the path. I could even feel with accuracy *how far* --- *to what very point*, such wanderings had misguided me, but still without the power of correcting my deviations. I took besides, at the same time, a wild delight in analyzing my conceptions. Memory, which, of all other faculties, should have first taken its departure, seemed on the contrary to have been endowed with quadru-

pled power. Each incident of my past life flitted before me like a shadow. There was not a brick in the building where I was born --- not a dogleaf in the primer I had thumbed over when a child --- not a tree in the forest where I hunted when a youth --- not a street in the cities I had traversed when a man, that I did not at that time most palpably behold. I could repeat to myself entire lines, passages, chapters, books, from the studies of my earliest days ; and while, I dare say, the crowd around me were blind with horror, or aghast with awe, I was alternately with Aeschylus, a demi-god, or with Aristophanes, a frog.

A dreamy delight suddenly took hold upon my spirit, and I imagined that I was filled to the brim with dago red, and that I had just finished feeding upon the Hashish of the old Assassins. But glimpses of pure, unadulterated reason were still caught occasionally by my soul.

By some unusual pressure of the rope against my face, a portion of the cap was shoved away and I found to my astonishment that my mental powers were not altogether destroyed.

A sea of waving heads rolled around me. In the intensity of my delight I eyed them with feelings of the deepest commiseration, and blessed, as I looked upon the haggard assembly, the superior benignity of *my* proper stars.

I now reasoned, rapidly I believe --- profoundly I am sure --- upon principles of common law --- propriety of that law especially, for capital punishment, absurdities in political economy which till then I had never been able to acknowledge --- dogmas in the old Aristotelians now generally denied, but not the less intrinsically true --- detestable school formulae in Bourdon, in Garnier, in Lacroix --- synonymes in L'Arabe --- lunar lunatic theories in Socialism --- logic in War what for? --- profundity in War what for? --- genius in War what for? everything in War what for?

Then came, like a flood, Coleridge, Kant and Pantheism; then like a deluge, came Academic, Pergola, LaSala, Ned in the first reader, and Byron.

Came a gigantic change in my mental regions; a great storm, a tempest of ideas, vast, novel, and soul stirring, bore my spirit afar off.

Confusion crowded upon confusion like a wave upon a wave. In a very short time Schelling himself would have been satisfied with my entire loss of self-identity. The crowd became a mass of mere abstraction.

About this time I became aware of a heavy fall and shock --- but, although the concussion jarred through my frame, I had not the slightest idea of its having been sustained in my own proper person, and thought of it as an incident peculiar to some other existence --- an idiosyncrasy belonging to some other *Ens*. It was at this moment --- as I afterwards discovered --- that having been suspended for the full term of execution, it was thought proper to remove my body from the gallows.

Much sympathy was now exercised in my behalf --- and as no one in the city wanted to identify my body, it was ordered that I should be interred in the public sepulchre on the following morning.

I lay, in the meantime, without signs of life --- although from the moment, I suppose, when the rope was loosened from my neck, a dim

consciousness of my situation oppressed me like the nightmare.

I was laid out in a chamber sufficiently small, and very much encumbered with furniture --- yet, to me it appeared of a size to contain the universe. I have never before or since, in body or in mind, suffered half so much agony as from that single idea.

Strange ! that the simple conception of abstract magnitude --- of infinity --- should have been accompanied with pain. Yet so it was. "With how vast a difference" said I, "in life as in death, in time and in eternity, here and hereafter, shall our merest sensations be embodied !"

Came the night, and I was aware that it was dark, yet the same terrible conceit still overwhelmed me. It was not confined to the boundaries of the apartment, it extended, altho' in a more definite manner, to all objects, and, perhaps, I will not be understood in saying that it extended also to all *sentiments*. My fingers as, they lay cold, clammy, stiff, and pressing helplessly one against another, were, in my

imagination, swelled to a size, well --- *je ne sais quoi*. Every portion of my frame became enormous; the pieces of money, I well remember, that were placed upon my eyelids, failed to keep them effectually closed, and seemed huge, like the chariot-wheels of Olympia, or Ben Hur.

Yet it is very singular that I experienced no sense of weight --- of gravity. On the contrary I was put to much inconvenience by the buoyancy and a tantalizing difficulty of keeping down, which is always felt by the swimmer in deep water.

Amid the tumult of my terrors I laughed with a heavy internal laugh to think what incongruity there would be --- could I arise and walk --- between the elasticity of my motion, and the mountain of my form. Came the night --- and with it a new crowd of horrors. The consciousness of my approaching interment, began to assume new distinctness, and consistency --- yet never for one moment did I imagine *that I was actually dead*. "This then" --- I mentally speculated --- "this darkness which is palpable,

and oppresses with a sense of suffocation --- this --- this --- is --- indeed *death*. This is death --- this is death the terrible --- death the holy. This is the death undergone by Regulus, and equally by Seneca.

Thus --- thus, too, shall I always remain, always, always remain. Reason is folly, and Philosophy a lie. No one will know my sensations, my horror --- my despair. Yet will men still persist in reasoning, and philosophizing, and making themselves fools.

There is, I find, no hereafter but this. This, this, this, is the only Eternity! --- and what, O Baalzebub! --- *what* an Eternity!, to lie in this vast, this awful void, a hideous, vague, and unmeaning anomaly, motionless, yet wishing for motion, powerless, yet longing for power, forever, forever, and forever!" But the morning broke at length, and with its misty and gloomy dawn arrived in triple horror the paraphernalia of the grave. Then, and not till then, was I fully sensible of the fearful fate hanging over me. The phantasms of the night had faded with

its shadows, and the actual terrors of the yawning tomb left me no heart for the bugbear speculations of Transcendentalism. I have before mentioned that my eyes were but imperfectly closed --- yet I could not move them in any degree, those objects alone which crossed the direct line of vision were within the sphere of my comprehension.

But across that line of vision spectral and stealthy figures were continually flitting, like the ghosts of Banquo. They were making hurried preparations for my interment.

First came the coffin which they placed quietly by my side. Then the undertaker with attendants and a screw-driver. Then a stout man whom I could distinctly see and who took hold of my feet --- while one whom I could only feel lifted me by the head and shoulders.

Together they placed me in the coffin, and drawing the shroud up over my face proceeded to fasten down the lid. One of the screws, missing its proper direction, was screwed by the carelessness of the undertaker deep down into my shoulder, and a convulsive shudder ran

through-out my frame. With what horror, with what sickening of heart did I reflect that one minute sooner a similar manifestation of life would, in all probability, have prevented my inhumation. But alas! it was now too late, and hope died away within my bosom as I felt myself lifted upon the shoulders of men --- carried down the stair-way --- and thrust within the hearse.

During the brief passage to the cemetery my sensations, which for sometime had been lethargic and dull, assumed, all at once, a degree of intense and unnatural vivacity for which I can in no manner account.

I could distinctly hear the rustling of the plumes --- the whispers of the attendants --- the solemn breathings of the horses of death. Confused as I was in that narrow and strict embrace, I could feel the quicker or slower movement of the procession --- the restlessness of the driver, the windings of the road as it led us to the right or left. I could distinguish the peculiar odor of the coffin --- the sharp acid smell of the steel screws. I could see the texture of the shroud

as it lay close against my face ; and was even conscious of the rapid variations in light and shade which the flapping to and fro of the sable hangings occasioned within the body of the vehicle. In a short time however, we arrived at the place of sepulture, and I felt myself deposited within the tomb.

The entrance was secured --- they departed --- and I was left alone. Sullenly I lay at length, the quick among the dead, *Anacharsis inter scythas* From what I overheard early in the morning, I was led to believe that the occasions when the vault was made use of were of very rare occurrence.

It was probable that many months might elapse before the doors of the tomb would be again unbarred --- and even should I survive until that period, what means could I have more than at present, of making known my situation or of escaping from the coffin? I resigned myself, therefore, with much tranquility to my fate, and fell, after many hours, into a deep and death-like sleep.

How long I remained thus is a mystery. When I awoke my limbs were no longer cramped with the cramp of death --- I was no longer without the power of motion. A very slight exertion was sufficient to force the lid of my prison --- for the dampness of the atmosphere had already occasioned decay in the wood-work around the screws.

My steps as I groped around the sides of my habitation were, however, feeble and uncertain, and I felt all the gnawings of hunger with the pains of intolerable thirst. Yet, as time passed away, it is strange that I experienced little uneasiness from these scourges of the earth, in comparison with the more terrible visitations of the fiend *Ennui*.

Stranger still were the resources by which I endeavor to banish him from my presence. The sepulchre was large and subdivided into many compartments, and I busied myself in examining all things in the immediate surrounding, and you can, no doubt, imagine my surprise when I observed upon my coffin lid the words:

*Teddy Roosevelt*

GONE BUT NOT FOR LONG

Being *toujours pret*, I left the tomb, more than delighted with the prophesy thus inscribed.

## MARCO POPPERRELLI

Marco Popperrelli, is the name by which the World knows me, and in fine; by which I know myself. Should I, through lack of sufficient egotism forget my euphonious appellation, I would, no doubt, be at a great loss in calling to mind, as to who I really was --- or am.

At one time I was a great socialist: (here I blush with shame) but now I am an anti-socialist. (I blush again) But I want to say right now; that both Anties *and* Sociasists should be properly secured in Davy Jones' locker.

During the days that I was such a great socialist I was asked many questions, none of which I could answer. Like all dunderheads of the ism, I contended that if any man was given opportunity he would prove himself as competent as his more prosperous brother. But ! I never thought then, of the thousands that cast the greatest of opportunities aside, to give reign to their true psychological characters. Any man that wishes to go down, can; likewise, any man wishing to better himself can easily do so, unless his will is

ungodly feeble; then, of course, he at once becomes a socialist thru' his shortcomings. It is needless to add that Socialism is a school brought about by envious incapables, therefore I will get to my story at once.

Every man in the world knows Jim Rolph the immortal Mayor of Frisco. "Listen Marco" said he one day, "see that plug-ugly with the mess of whiskers on his mug, the shabb-nasty there with the wooden head"?

"Yes, yes"

"That's Schmidt" said the Mayor "He is the one that is running on your ticket."

At this juncture, the Mayor lit a fifty cent cigar, gave me the butt of the old one and hurried away. I was determined to learn more of Schmidt (for I was a strict socialist, then) and I did. He would come up and say "Who's the next Mayor?" and then he'd duck as tho' some body was going to hit him. "Philosophizing?" he'd say, and make a face like a sick baby. "Ought'nt to philosophize on Sunday" --- then he'd screw up his mug to look shocked ---

"awfully wicked!" and then he'd twist down the right corner of his mouth, and try to wink with his left eye. He could never speak without pulling a facial stunt of some sort, in short, he had a face like a distempered cat.

He was pulling all sorts of palaver one afternoon, when Jim Rolph stepped into our midst. At this time Schmidt did'nt even know Rolph when he saw him.

"Yes" said Schmidt "I see Rolph wants to run again, and ....."

"Hello!" says Rolph, breaking in "epilepsy!"

"Eh?" murmured Schmidt.

"Epilepsy," says Rolph, "you've got it"

"Nonsense" snapped Schmidt, turning a trifle pale; "I-have'nt a particle of it in my system."

"Oh," says the other, "beg pardon. That I recognized the characteristic twist of the mouth; Used to be in the medical profession myself, and I take an interest in such matters. My mistake. Go ahead"

Schmidt was slightly disconcerted but screwed his face around in a renewed effort.

"Hold on!" broke in Rolph, "I was wrong.

St. Vitus Dance, or I'm a hood"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Schmitz, trying to appear indignant.

"Mean?" he exclaimed, "I mean that you had better consult a Doctor at your very earliest convenience, the St. Vitus Dance has a tremendous grip upon you, and you should see a Specialist at once."

Poor Schmitz, he stumbled out, and sought surcease in the slums. Most of his followers being leaderless, strayed listlessly about --- their feet taking hold of various paths that lead to destruction and despair. As for myself; well, --- I started The International Union of the World, and thus, have managed to put every man in his place, at the same time, rendering him a full compensation for his worth.

*Moral: Practical organization will equalize everything.*



## THE GENIUS

*Du fort victime in fortunee  
Par tous pays je suis errant,  
Et l'horreur de ma destinee,  
Semble s' accroitre a chaque instant:  
Pauvre Emigrant, pauvre Emigrant.*

My name,--- if ever I had one --- is a beauty; and the whole world tingles with pride upon its utterance. That I am none other than Jazz Merrazz, is not necessary, I imagine, to mention.

I want it understood from the very out set that my genius cannot be paralleled. And that I put a mephistophelian touch of philosophic philanthropy to all things of a pious nature, can easily be discerned with but a glance of the glimm.

Profoundness of thought and observation has often been imputed to me as a crime; while the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Truth is frequently, superficial, and instead of being in the depths where we seek her, is more often to be found in a most conspicuous spot before our very eyes.

Nature herself seems to afford me corroboration of these ideas. In the contemplation of a

star or planet it always struck me very forcibly that I could not distinguish them with nearly as much precision, when I gazed upon them with earnest, direct, and undeviating attention, as when I suffered my eye to glance in their vicinity alone.

I was not, in my early youth, aware that this apparent paradox was occasioned by the center of the visual area which is less susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the exterior portions of the retina.

This method of reasoning and viewing things is infallible, and it is with some avaricious hesitancy that I now make it public.

On leaving college I at once began to look about for a channel large enough to convey my store of knowledge into the thirsty desert of human ignorance. My first idea was to call the world into one big meeting and thus enlighten all the people of the earth, at one and the same time.

But this was not feasible. I would have liked to proclaimed my fund of truths from the house tops; but the picture of myself in such position was fierce; for I might be mistaken for some

Scissor-Build stringing up a line of telephone wires. My next idea was to write a poem, --- a *poem*! Good God, what *was* I thinking of. Ah, but I was going to put out a verse that would crush error, and sweep darkness from the face of the earth as with the besom of the storm.

Yet, it is not every one that reads poetry; many do not believe what they do read; besides, the very form of verse steals from strength as much as it adds to grace; and to expect a philosopher to display the whole scope and power of his philosophy in metrical composition, would be equivalent to expect a giant to display his full strength, in the slight step of the waltz. With this glaring discouragement in my path, I shifted my views, and resolved to become an editor.

The multifariousness of the subjects treated of in journals was alluring. Ah, such luck, *such luck*! It was plain that I was too far advanced, there was'nt a publisher in the country that would trust their fate to my genius. At last I was driven to despair, perversion and klepto-plagiarism; and through the latter I began to publish articles that played sarcastically about the word "Government" just like lightning plays about a ruin, showing the hallowness of that which only darkness makes appear impreguably formidable. And I will write and re-write a *l'outrance*, *qui l'aurait cru*!

## SUICIDE

The miseries of life are far reaching, and are so profuse that pleasure is almost subordinated into utter nothingness; but as, in ethics, evil is a consequence of good, so, in fact, out of joy is sorrow born. Our anguish of today can often be traced to the ecstasies of the past.

The recollections of my earliest years are connected with many unmentionable experiences, experiences that shall ne'er be told, or if told there very character would only stimulate disbelief.

Death is inevitable and makes a complete change in the life of us all. It is mere idleness to say that we have not lived on earth before --- that the soul has had no previous existence. We will not argue. Convinced myself am very well satisfied; my last-previous embodiment was spent chiefly about New York and Baltimore, and I take great pleasure in re-reading the tales I perpetrated nearly a hundred years ago.

Several years back, as the shades of evening were drawing on, I sat in a large bay window of a prominent hotel in Frisco. The streets were very crowded, and I mused for some time over

the passing turmoil. But, as the darkness came on, the throng momentarily increased; and, by the time the lamps were well lighted, two dense and continuous tides of population were rushing past the door. At this particular period of the evening I had never before been in a similar situation, and the tumultuous sea of human heads filled me, therefore, with a delicious novelty of emotion.

I gave up, at length, all care of things within the hotel, and became absorbed in contemplation of the scene without. At first my observations took an abstract and generalizing turn. I looked at the passengers in masses, and thought of them in their aggregate relations.

Soon, however, I descended to details, and regarded with minute interest the innumerable varieties of figure, dress, air, gait, visage, and expression of countenance. By far the greater number of those who went by had a satisfied business-like demeanor, and seemed to be thinking only of making their way through the throng. Their brows were knit, and their eyes rolled quickly; when pushed against by fellow-wayfarers

they evinced no symptom of impatience, but adjusted their clothes and hurried on. Others, still a numerous class, were restless in their movements, had flushed faces, and talked and gesticulated to themselves, as if feeling in solitude on account of the company around.

When impeded in their progress, these people suddenly ceased muttering, and would apologize with many smiles and gesticulations. If jostled, they appeared confused and bowed profusely to the jostlers, --- I took little or no interest in the commonplace characters that were hurrying by, such as clerks, business men, nabobs and harmless mootchers.

The crowd was infested with crooks; crooks that managed to get by witless detectives, by exercising an air of excessive frankness, while poetic dreamers loitered along mysteriously, too, their philosophic mannerisms had a tendency to make them appear suspicious to less thinking people. The wild effects of the greenish street lamps rendered the faces rather wild and fantastic, and I could frequently read, even in a

brief glance, the history of long years. With my brow to the glass, I was thus occupied in scrutinizing the mob, when suddenly there came into view a countenance, a countenance which at once arrested my undivided attention; it was a hardened face while the man himself had much the appearance of a rogue.

I sat and watched him for some time; he planted himself on the curbin and seemed to try to attract the attention of whatever intoxicated person that passed. Out of sheer curiosity, I tightened my coat high up about my ears and staggered directly into the arms of the ruffian.

"So it is you?" said he, in a voice that seemed altogether familiar "Good, you are just the man I am looking for, or at any rate you will do as well as any."

I saw at once that he was in disguise, and that in a rather indirect way I was rather well acquainted with the man, in fact he was none other than Frederick Church, a genius of the stage and magnate in the theatrical world.

"Listen" said he hurriedly "be sure and call

at my place as early in the morning as possible it is urgent and should you come you will learn something greatly to your advantage." Here he pressed his card into my hand and disappeared into the throng.

At first it all seemed so strange that I resolved not to comply; but as morning drew near I arose hurried to his mansion, for mansion it was and the entire place was fairly alive with magnificence. The room was still brilliantly lighted. I judge from this circumstance, as well as from an air of exhaustion in the countenance of my friend, that he had not retired to bed during the whole of the preceding night.

In the architecture and embellishments of the chamber, the evident design had been to dazzle and astound. Little attention had been paid to the *decora* of what is technically called *keeping*, or to the proprieties of nationality. The eye wandered from object, to object, and rested upon none --- neither the *grotesques* of the Greek painters, nor the sculptures of the best Italian days, nor the huge carvings of untutored Egypt.

Rich draperies in every part of the room trembled to the vibration of low, melancholy music, whose origin was not to be discovered. The senses were oppressed by mingled and conflicting perfumes, reeking up from strange convolute censers, together with multitudinous flaring and flickering tongues of emerald and violet fire.

The rays of the newly risen sun poured in upon the whole, through windows formed each of a single pane of crimson-tinted glass. Glancing to and fro, in a thousand reflections, from curtains which rolled from their cornices like cataracts of molten silver, the beams of natural glory mingled at length fitfully with the artificial light, and lay weltering in subdued masses upon a carpet of rich, liquid-looking cloth of Chili gold.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! --- ha ! ha ! ha !" --- laughed Frederick, motioning me to a seat as I entered the room, and throwing himself back upon a leathern couch. "I see" said he, perceiving that I could not immediately reconcile myself to the *bienseance* of so singular a welcome --- "I see you are astonished at my apartment --- at my

statues --- my pictures --- my originality of conception in architecture and upholstery --- absolutely drunk, eh? with my magnificence? But pardon me, my dear sir, (here his tone of voice dropped to the very spirit of cordiality, ) pardon me for my uncharitable laughter.

You appeared so *utterly* astonished. Besides, some things are so completely ludicrous that a man *must* laugh or die. To die laughing must be the most glorious deaths! But in the present instant," he resumed, with a singular alteration of voice and manner," I have no right to be merry at your expense.

You might well have been amazed. Europe cannot produce anything so fine as this, my little regal cabinet. My other apartments are by no means of the same order; mere *ultras* of fashionable insipidity. This is better than fashion --- is it not? Yet this has but to be seen to become the rage --- that is, with those who could afford it at the cost of their entire patrimony. I have guarded, however, against any such profanation; with one exception you are the only

human being besides myself and one other, who has been admitted within the mysteries of these imperial precincts, since they have been bedizened as you see !"

I bowed in acknowledgment ; for the overpowering sense of splendor and perfume, and music, together with the unexpected eccentricity of his address and manner, prevented me from expressing, in words, my appreciation of what I might have construed into a compliment.

"Here" he resumed, arising and leaning on my arm as he sauntered around the apartment, "here are paintings from the Greeks to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to the present hour. Many are chosen, as you see, with little deference to the opinions of virtue.

They are all, however, fitting tapestry for a chamber such as this ; here too, are some *chefs d' oeuvre* of the unknown great --- and here unfinished designs by men, celebrated in their day, whose very names the perspicacity of the academies has left to silence and to me. "What think you," said he, turning abruptly as he spoke --- "what

think you of this Premature Burial?"

"It is a marvel!" I said, with all the enthusiasm of my nature, for I had been poring intently over its surpassing technique. "Its a gem! --- how *could* you have obtained it?"

"Ha?" said he thoughtfully, "The Mayor of this city *was* a fool; the painting was presented to him by the artist himself, the artist was a noble fellow, and a genius of no common order; but lives in miserable seclusion in an ancient *shacque* on Fulton Road and Laguna. In *my* opinion the Mayor was foolish, for he turned the picture over to me gratis, (we were friends from childhood) as he seemed to think the subject ungodly weird; as for me" he continued, "I love both the weird and fantastic --- who was it said:

MELANCHOLY, THE VAMPIRE BAT

LONG UPON MY BOSOM SAT,

AND I WOULD RAVE BUT THAT HE FLINGS

A SWEET NEPENTHE OFF HIS WINGS.

"It has been, or should be remarked, that, in the manner of the true gentleman, we are always aware of a difference from the bearing of the

vulgar, without being at once precisely able to determine in what, such difference consists."

I could easily note the blearing rheum of intoxication in the eyes of my friend, and at times he carried on in a most peculiar manner.

"Come," he said at length, turning towards a table of richly enamelled and massive silver, upon which were a few goblets fantastically stained, together with two large Etruscan vases, fashioned in the same extraordinary model as that which is seen so much among the royals,

"Come" he said abruptly, "let us drink! It is early --- but let us drink. Let us pour out an offering to yon solemn sun which these gaudy lamps and censers are so eager to subdue!"

And having made me pledge him in a bumper, he swallowed in rapid succession several goblets of wine; while his stentorian voice rose with :

QUAND UN BON VIN MEUBLE MON ESTOMAC,  
JE SUIS PLUS SAVANT QUE BALSAC---  
PLUS SAGE QUE PIBRAC;  
MON BRAS SEUL FAISANT L'ATTAQUE  
DE LA NATION COSSAQUE,  
LA METTROIT AU SAC:  
DE CHARON JE PASSEROIS LE LAC  
EN DORMANT DANS SON BAC;  
J'IROIS AU FIER EAC,  
SANS QUE MON COEUR FIT TIC NI TAC,  
PRESENTER DU TABAC.

In the next instant, confessing the power of the wine, he threw himself at full length upon the couch. Drawing an envelop from his inner pocket he tossed it toward me; bewildered, I stepped hastily to his side; I endeavored to arouse him; but his limbs were stiff --- his body fast became rigid --- his lips took on a livid hue, and I readily saw that his eyes were riveted in *death*.

Nervously opening the note I read :

"The crimes of man are many, and often times the soul of man takes up a burthen so heavy in horror that it can be thrown down only into the grave. Even fearing to die alone, I have managed to solicit a companion that would be with me at my decease, and to whom I will everything. My actions will be explained when the body of my aged uncle is found mouldering in the attic.

I now die by my own hand.

Frederick Church."



# POEMS

## INTRODUCTION TO POEMS

O, nothing clever, save the way,  
Weird-like subjects hold the eye,  
As do the demons ghastly gay,  
That form imagination's prey.

O, nothing clever enough to fill  
Your soul with approbating thrill,  
As does the work of passion-hearted  
Master writers long departed  
Whose names on earth will ever dwell  
Like the endless sea-song in a shell.

O, nothing finished as the flowers  
Or quite as lofty as the towers,  
Never the less a philosopher sees,  
That Weird (non-tragic) things will please.



## SACRAMENTAL

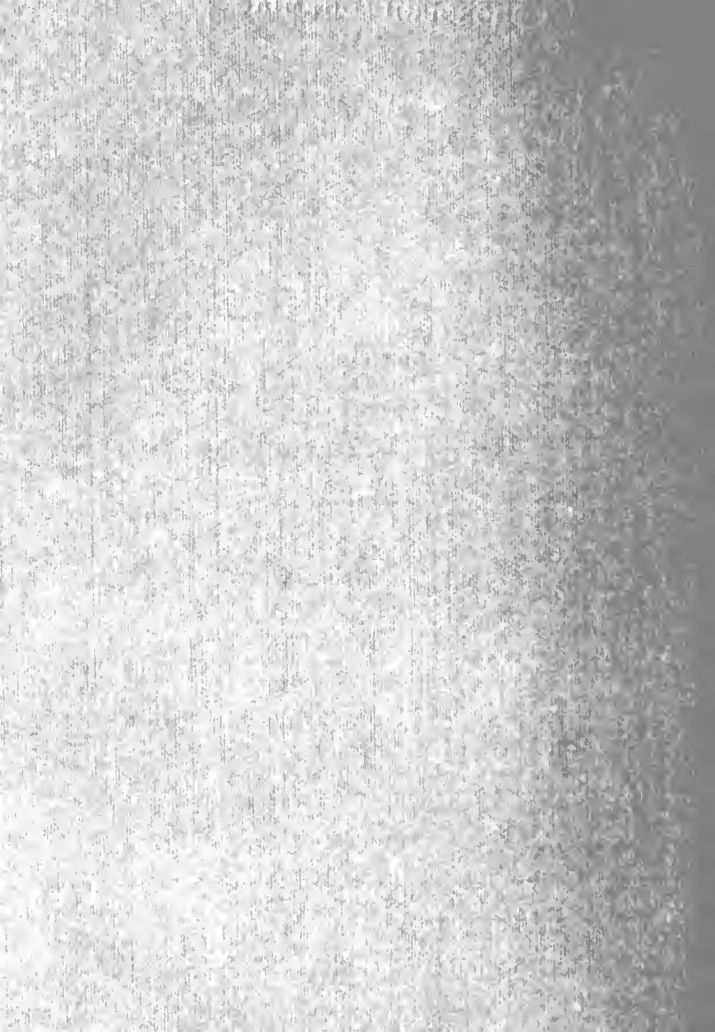
[MR. FLAGG ONCE REMARKED "I CAN WRITE AS  
WELL ON ONE SUBJECT AS ANOTHER, PSYCHOLOG-  
ICALLY SPEAKING, ALL THINGS ARE EQUAL ANYWAY."

HE PLAINLY BEARS OUT THIS VIEW IN THE TWO FOLLOWING POEMS.  
EDITOR

One speaks for all!--- when Peter thus  
Speaks for himself, he speaks for us ;  
And we, who love the Saviour's name,  
Love him with Peter's earnest flame.  
Come ye who such appeal can make,  
Who love him for his own dear sake,  
Come!--- in his arms of grace recline,  
And feast with him on bread and wine.  
A royal table ! royal cheer !  
Haste, hungry, thirsty, fainting here !  
Sweet Mercy o'er the feast folds wings,  
And with us sits the King of kings.  
Emblem of Heaven's fruition this !  
And hark, a voice comes on our bliss  
To each, to all--- "*Say, lov'st thou me ?*"  
Thou *knowest*, Lord, that we love thee !



I'm just human and have no creed,  
Nor do I try to lift or save,  
I won't appeal or intercede  
For any fool or any knave;  
I never make a rigid pledge  
And no man's character I assail;  
Yet others swing a heavy sledge  
Of criticism rant and stale.  
I'm faithful to the thinker's post  
And my own soul I'm captain of;  
No holly fire or pentecost  
Can force on me a Saviour's love.  
I fight alone, and win or sink,  
I need no one to make me free.  
I want no Jesus Christ to think  
That he could ever die for me.  
I always give what e'er I can  
And lay away no miser's store  
And what I take from any man  
I have no thankful feeling for.  
All you worship, fear and trust,  
I kick into the sewers maw  
And fling my hatred and disgust  
Against your paltry grafting law  
And all I wish beneath the sky  
Is simply this-- to live and die.



## MAN AND BEAST

Says Tom to Dick, the other day,  
"I've been thinking that our bosses  
Could use us better every way,  
If we were horses."

"O, no, for horses may be lost  
We know without the aid of scholars  
That to replace one it may cost,  
A hundred dollars.

But you and I may starve and slave,  
What matters if we're men and brothers ;  
If we should die, they will not have  
To purchase others. "





## THE SKY PILOT

He stood at the altar,  
(For he had no chair,)  
Brass rings on his fingers  
And lard on his hair.

He stood at the altar,  
No watch on his fob,  
A pedant sky-pilot,  
As straight as a cob.

He stood at the altar,  
In humanity's guise ---  
A grin graced his features,  
And goggles his eyes;

He stood at the altar;  
As shrewd ones have said,  
Without cents in his pockets  
Or sense in his head.



## IT IS TO DREAM

I threw a bauble to the sea,  
A billow caught it hastily ;  
Another billow quickly came  
Successfully the prize to claim ;  
From wave to wave unchecked it passed,  
Till tossed upon the strand at last  
Of some far distant shore.  
Is life then, a passing dream,  
And are we doomed to dream and dream,  
To dream forevermore ?







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## KING DEATH

Fatal the course, of King Death's horse ;  
That bears my dreaded form.  
Rapid and dark, the specter bark  
As it sweeps before the storm ;  
Weirdly bright, through satonic night  
Hideous eye-balls glare.  
Fiercely the spires, of volcanic fires  
Stream on the sulphurious air.  
From the womb of the waters,  
Athirst for slaughters,  
I arose *that* thirst to sate;  
Green isles are graves in the waste of waves  
When I wish them desolate.  
Do I not pass, the man, the mass  
And their very life-blood spill ?  
O'er burning sands, o'er frosty lands  
I glide to slay and kill.  
Then hark to the beat of my cloven feet ;  
And you, who ride the sea,  
Where are *your* dreams, that the ocean streams  
Would be safety unto thee ?  
Tis well to harken, for I shall darken  
The glow of thy festal cheer,  
And spread disease upon the breeze  
To mock the sinner's fear.



## THE POET AND THE SPARROW

In the chill snow, a birdling hopped,  
And thus exposed were its tender feet,  
He chirped to me, and then I stopped;  
While he sang and slid about the sleet.

"Dear birdie" said I, with a smile,  
"You are, no doubt, by nature sent!  
For man's sad spirits you beguile,  
And teach him lessons of content."



## THE BOAT AND THE SHARK

In the still noon, a sliding hopper,  
And that open was the water,  
Its shadow to me was a shadow,  
While the sun and sea were the same.  
"Dear mother, I am a boy,"  
"You are, no doubt, a boy,"  
For when I was a boy, I was  
And when I was a boy, I was



## MY GUIDING STAR

O, midnight gem! thy grandeur needs  
No poet's pen to crown thy train;  
With gilded car and airy steeds  
Thou rides along the sapphire plain.  
How oft beneath some sylvan bower,  
I've sat and watched thy shimmering rays;  
Half dream-like in thy fairy power,  
Thinking of boyhood's happy days;---  
Have dreamed of beings pure and bright,  
Arrayed in weeds of somber woe;  
Who far from earthly cares and blight,  
Now roam where streams of glory flow.  
And some day too, I wish to be,  
A great star-rover, just like thee.

## THE SCRIBE

A man of letters. A pen.

No creed or greed to fowl his aim.

He stands a man among all men,

And knows the tricks of any game.

Worked and studied, through hard years,

Though his morals aint worth a damn ---

We raise our glass in earnest : Here's

No mollycoddle, but a man.

## TO ANNA

Adieu --- I ne'er may see thee more,  
But treasured in this faithful breast,  
Although I roam a distant shore,  
Thy saintly image still shall rest;  
And like yon star's celestial beam,  
That gilds the cloud-wreathed brow of night  
Shed o'er life's dark and troubled stream,  
A ray of pure and holy light.  
Each whispered word --- each look of thine  
That sanctifies this parting hour,  
A holy spell will sure entwine,  
And shield me with its magic power.  
When rosy twilight's lingering ray,  
From off the ocean's heaving breast,  
Softly and sweetly melts away,  
And all puts on a look of rest,  
Then, Anna, I'll live o'er again,  
Those bright-winged moments spent with thee,  
And though divided by the main,  
Our souls will still commingled be.

## THE COQUETTE

It was a lady young and fair  
Who sang the mornful strain,  
Her brow wore not a shade of care,  
Her cheek no trace of pain ;  
Yet sung she, just as one who knows  
How youthful hearts are torn,  
Love's first step is upon the rose,  
The *second* finds the thorn.

No brighter, lovelier face appears  
In pleasure's crowded mart,  
That proud eye was not made for tears,  
No blight should touch that heart ;  
Yet, mark how sad the music flows  
From lips curled half in scorn,---  
Love's first step is upon the rose,  
The second finds the thorn.

## THE COUQUETTE

Bright jewels bound her raven hair,  
And sparkled on her hand,  
For earth held naught of rich or rare  
Her wealth might not command ;  
But as she sings, some memory throws  
Its shadow o'er life's morn ;---  
Love's first step is upon the rose,  
The second finds the thorn.  
Alas ! it is a weary task,  
To trace life's hidden cares,  
And who would raise the smiling mask  
A deceitful maiden wears ?  
Her mournful song may well disclose  
How much her soul is worn :---  
Loves first step is upon the rose,  
The second finds the thorn.

## STAR OF HOPE

Ah! how darksome, long and dreary,  
Hang the heavy shades of night,  
While the sleepless eye is weary,  
Waiting for the dawning light!

Lo, it comes --- its herald cheering  
Mounts the eastern sky afar!  
On its dusky verge appearing,  
Shines the beauteous morning star.

Yet, oh, when shall dawn the morrow  
On a spirit most forlorn,  
Through the darkest hours of sorrow  
Watching for a ray of morn?

## MELANCHOLY

Grief is bitter in the hour  
When we feel its goading power;  
When beneath its venom'd smart  
Reels the brain and sinks the heart;  
Then the laboring bosom swells  
Struggling with its deep distress,  
And from the very inmost cells  
Gush the drops of bitterness.  
But when melancholy flings  
From his soft and soothing wings,  
Melting in the heart away  
The deepest anguish day by day;  
So, grief, in melancholy's hand,  
Dismal, sweet, and soft appears;  
Though no smile it can demand,  
Neither does it call for tears.  
Then, far better than all this,  
We receive Death's lasting kiss  
Breathing on the wounded heart  
Balm no other can impart.

## THE FORMLESS FIEND

Yes, yes ! I hear the midnight blast  
Moaning 'round my lonely home,

And over every thing is cast  
A spell of melancholy gloom

It mourns like spirits on the wing;  
Hark ! hear the swishing of the rain  
Screaming through the whistling wind,

Then all is still again.

The ragged jagged lightning's fire  
Pierces through the dismal night.

And when the thunder roars its ire  
my spirit feels delight

To hear the elemental strife,  
To see the demon ride the storm,

A jeopardizer of all life;  
A fiend without a form.

*Fvre divino*

The grave is cheeless to the view,  
And mouldering remnants lie around  
Of what *was* man --- yet balmy sleep,  
Is here, unbroken, to be found.  
When friends fall off like Autumn leaves,  
And all of life is wrapped in gloom;  
Where can a blighted heart find ease  
As sweet as in a dreamless tomb?  
Do not grieve; that life must end ---  
This weary life, we seem to crave  
For death inevitably will lend  
Eternal rest within the grave.

## AEONS OF AGES

I oft cogitate on the mystical past many aeons ago,  
When cohesion of 'lectrons first began  
In terrestrial caverns below  
Yes, I oft wonder how the heulandite grew,  
In its terrahexahedronical way,  
Enclosed in its amygdaloidal home, in the antediluvian day.

The great pachydermatous Dinotheriums roamed,  
Though hypostatically unknown to me,  
In those hyperborean regions of cold, by the paleocryptic sea.

But by some sudden glacial cataclysmatic change,  
The whole Brobdingnaggian mess  
Were irrevocably buried in Cenozoic drift,  
And irretrievably lost --- I guess.

## THE CAMERIST

It may be that I am defective  
In humor; but I'd like to hammer a  
Youth that's abroad with a detective

CAMERA.

I cannot find, though long reflective,  
In dictionary or in grammer, a  
Phrase to fit him and that detective

CAMERA.

He shoots a face in wild persective;  
He makes one look like a jim-jammer a  
Doddering wreck, with his detective

CAMERA.

He shows these libels, irrespective,  
To our friends, who raise a clammer a  
Wild shriek of mirth o'er his detective

CAMERA.

I'd like to try my hand corrective,  
And give this gay pictorial clammer a  
Swat, with his ever alert detective

CAMERA.

## ETERNAL SOLITUDE

Come, pace the moon-lit deck with me  
The wind is blowing wild and free,  
The ship skims on the ocean's breast,  
And all around, the foaming crest  
Of many a wave is clinging now  
Whose whiteness rivals beauty's brow  
Come out on deck and you shall see  
How weird a night can really be,  
When deadly fogs obstruct the sight  
No moon or stars to render light;  
Come, let me fill your drowsy ears  
With a dreary tale of other years.  
T'was years ago that I was thrown  
Upon this wide world, all alone,  
'Till he above all might and right,  
That guides the earth in spacious flight  
Put forth a friend to lead my youth,  
In sweet paths of love and truth !  
He had a flower beside his hearth,  
That shed such fragrance on his path,  
That wild idolatry was poured,  
E'en as a miser's countless hoard,  
On her whose heart was all his own,

And richer than a monarch's throne !  
See this picture in this case,  
Where some artist tried to trace,  
In fadeless hues, her peerless face;  
'Tis like her, but not half as fair ---  
the life, the soul is wanting there !  
Come, come, the fog is almost here,  
Let's watch the moon slide in its rear  
Now we'll see the sky arrange  
Itself into a fearful change.  
To me, the coming storm floats 'round  
With a low, sad, persuasive sound.  
Oh, yes, oh yes, I was to tell  
The time, to me, the earth was Hell  
Well, to us lovers once, there came  
To feed love's never dying flame  
Rich words of deep abiding trust,  
That always conquer, always must !  
True unto nature, no disguise  
Ere veiled the language of her eyes.  
How oft upon some lonely rock,  
Whose base received the billows shock  
In days of yore, thru' summer hours,

Forsaking all the tranquil bowers,  
 We oft reclined --- her soft white hand  
 Laid lovingly in both of mine;  
 She was one of an angel band  
 And was willing to resign.  
 While toiling on a foreign shore,  
 For wealth to scatter at her feet,  
 Ere at the altar I could pour  
 The vows that render all complete,  
 A stranger's voice bade me return,  
 If once again I would discern  
     The form I loved.

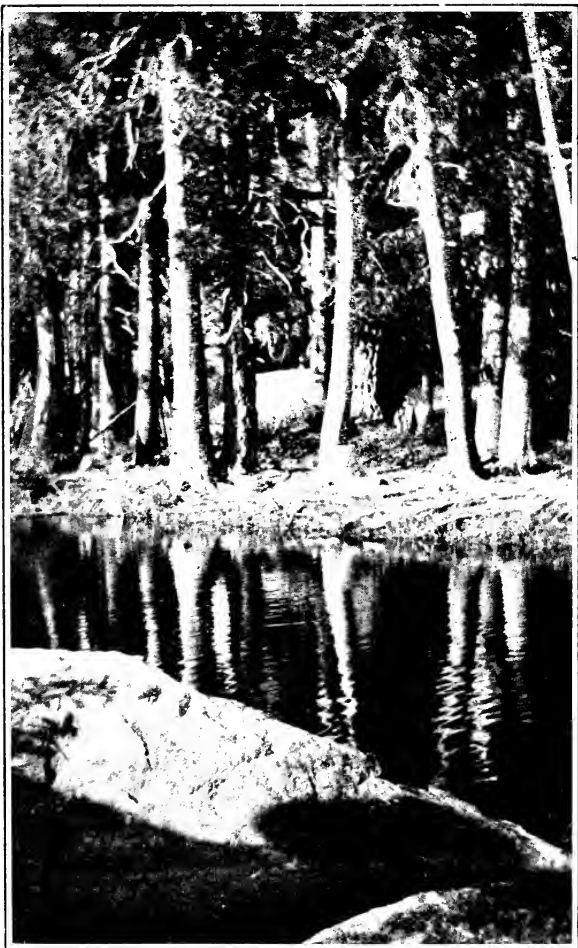
Why linger on a mateless bird,  
 With wound scarce hidden by its wing  
 With every depth of anguish stirred ---  
 A lyre with no unbroken string!  
 I hurried o're the restless main;  
 With every foot of canvas free,  
 And trod my native soil again,  
 And mingled 'mong the throngs of men  
 A hopeless child of misery!  
 I knelt beside her dying bed,  
 And on her bosom bent my head;  
 'Twas then she calmly sank in rest,

## ETERNAL SOLITUDE

Even as these waters die away  
when the breezes cease to play!  
They laid her in a sheltered spot,  
A cool, sequestered pleasant grot,  
And there a monument is raised  
To the one I highly praised.  
I planted willows around her bed,  
That now are waving 'bove her head  
And seem to moan with pensive sound  
O'er slumber which is so profound;  
Its at this shrine, I sometimes kneel,  
When there in solitude I steal;  
And ask her gentle soul to plead  
For mine, when in its hour of need.  
Around that grave my feet have trod  
Until my foot-prints mark the sod!  
And tis ever anon that I pray,  
That when my form must know decay  
That in that spot my troubled breast,  
Shall find a realm of endless rest,  
For death is but a soul food  
Of eternal solitude.

## IMMORTALITY

Bury me 'mid solem hills;  
Far from the homes of men, away  
Where wailing winds and lute-like rills  
Breathe o're the dead a burial lay.  
No mortal eye must see the spot  
In winter's wrath or summer's bloom,  
Let sleep, forgetting and forgot,  
A tenant of a lonely tomb ---  
O're which, as if they too could grieve,  
A shroud of leaves that Autumns weave  
Where nearly every evening sky  
Has her clouds all tipped with fire,  
And the lone-bird wandering by  
Shall sadly Play its woodland lyre;  
And there, all the stars shall beam  
With softer light and gentler grace  
Than ever they were known to gleam  
And not a foot shall dare intrude,  
Upon the peaceful solitude.  
An artist is but Natures child ---  
And is always loved by her :  
Shall she not, in woodland wild  
Protect her sleeping worshiper ?





## IMMORTALITY

And as the silent years are seen  
To mark the mighty shore of time,  
Shall nature not, unwearied lean  
Above such sepulchre sublime?  
Yet, often times I think my name  
Shall never gild the roll of fame.  
But, when fame ever takes a start  
It penetrates the prison stone  
And finds the center of the heart  
That throbs with feelings like its own:  
The great sea speaks --- and the arch  
Of heaven, when through cloudy bars  
To seraph-music brightly march  
The glorious army of the stars!  
It is to sleep beneath the flowers;  
When one has finished on the earth  
To loll about in dream-land bowers  
And enjoy their heavenly worth.  
'Tis well for one to leave the throng  
For rustic woods, to catch the tone  
Of stream and wind when at their song,  
There with Nature all alone ---  
Surrounded with the forest wild  
In the realms where God has smiled.

## IMMORTALITY

Remarks from nature, which is caught  
From minstrel stream or murmuring rill  
Lives for e'er and is fraught  
With all that's needed to fulfill

An artist's wishes.

Of all the things beneath the sky,  
The beautiful can never die.



## TWILIGHT

How sweetly comes the silver moon,  
From out its clouded curtain bower ;  
While stars their angel watches keep,  
And balmy dews embathe each flower.  
The glories of the dying day,  
A golden hue have left on earth ;  
Hushed is the music of the grove,  
And gone the shout of boisterous mirth,  
Far as my eye this hour may scan,  
The boundless bosom of the sea ;  
No speck of life or snowy sail  
Appears --- but one tranquillity  
Rests over all --- sweet hour of peace,  
That unto weary man doth bring ;  
Oblivion to his care-worn heart,  
Like a fanning of an Angel's wing.

## THE GOOD SHIP, STYX

Hurrah! hurrah for the foaming flood

Of fiery Phlegethon,

A demon bride,

And a devilish bridegroom side by side,

Are sailing that river upon ;

He is an imp of the very best blood,

And she's a son of a gun.

Their barque is the shattered fragments of

A shipwreck long ago,

In a fanthomless bay,

For a cycle of years it rotting lay,

So the devil employed it now

The roof of the murky pit he clove,

And the old hull tumbled through.

From the sinews dry, her ropes were made,

Of a race of Egyptian kings,

Newly lifted from

The vaults of a Mephistophelian catacomb ;

Her sails were leathery things,

Of murderers skins that alive were flayed

Some were, and of vampire's wings.

## THE GOOD SHIP, STYX

Her blocks and spars were men's skulls and bones ;

Some were by famine slain,

Some met their doom

From the burning blast of a great simoom,

And for ages unburied had lain,

Even where they had heaved their dying groans,

In the midst of a desert plain.

Her mast was the stem of a Upas tree,

For many a death renowned,

And still it bore

Of poisonous juices, a pestilent store,

And the devil a banquet found ;

He tapped it --- " 'tis very good liquor," said he,

And he handed the goblet round.

And the demon mariners shrieked as they found

A drink that was quite to their mind,

They sucked it dry,

And then with their teeth and claws did try,

To tear off the horrible rind,

And frightful to hear was the gnashing sound

Of their tusks as they did grind.

## THE GOOD SHIP, STYX

The vessel was manned by the self same crew  
That with her did plumb the deep  
Ah! little they thought

When in fancied security, slumber they sought,  
Then would never again watch keep;  
The storm on the pinions of destiny flew,  
And they slept an eternal sleep.

All fleshless --- all lifeless --- all soulless now,  
They moved in skeleton shape ;

'Twas hideous to see  
Those bony things trying to join in the glee,  
With their dead jaws all agape,  
And to hear as they trailed themselves to and fro,  
Their dry joints creak and snap.

And as each one in turn to his grinning jowl,  
Lifted a vessel up ---

(A suicide's skull,  
With the thick black juice from the Upas, full  
Festering in the cup,)  
Right thro' their jaws the liquor would fall,  
And down on their bare ribs drop.

## THE GOOD SHIP, STYX

In one fearful group from the others apart,  
They were playing for awful gain.  
The souls of those,  
Who wicked lives brought to a wicked close,  
Now doomed to un-ending pain  
Satan poured vitrol on each one's heart,  
And placed insects in each one's brain.



The chain which links my soul to thine,  
I sometimes fear may be less bright,  
That sorrow yet may dim the shrine  
On which my soul has cast its light.  
When e'er thou art, or seemest cold,  
My bosom saddens with a fear,  
That love so easily controlled,  
May perish when it is most dear.  
I know not why such thots should come,  
To frighten thus my brief repose,  
As humming-birds that cease to roam,  
Find shelter in the fragrant rose  
And slumbering in its blushing core,  
Content with all the sweetness there,  
Forget the blossoms that before  
Tempted their wings to try the air ---  
My spirit-bird has found her rest,  
And in the shelter of thy love,  
All timidly she builds her nest,  
Without a thought or wish to rove.  
She leaves it to less happy things,  
To seek all flowers that brave the sun;  
She is content to fold her wings,  
And gather honey but from one.

## THE LAST LOOK

She wept beside the couch of him  
Who won her bridal vow, ---  
While death like ray of starlight dim  
Slept palely on his brow :  
I come to thee --- in tears I come,  
I who have known thee best :  
The constant turtle seeks the home  
Where she was wont to rest.

I cannot tear my soul away ---  
Sweet Love, thou wert its light !  
Too sad will seem the cheerless day !  
Too long the dreary night !  
And who will guard against life's storm  
My solitary heart ?  
Ah ! me, give back these kisses warm,  
We may not --- cannot part.

## THE LAST LOOK

But hie! what freezing thots restrain  
The words I fain would speak,  
As on that icy breast again  
I lay my burning cheek?  
How cold!-- my love, is *this* the spot  
I've lov'd all else besides!--  
Alas! a pulseless heart is not  
The pillow of thy bride!

And yet that lip of softened mould  
Seems such as *once* was thine!  
No, no --- 'tis pale, and clammy cold,  
And answers not to mine;  
It breathes no word of soothing tone,  
It has no smile for me;---  
And as I look, I feel alone,---  
*I feel alone with thee.*

The spirit light whose flame divine  
Burns not by human will,  
Hath vanish'd from its earthly shrine  
And left the temple chill;  
And shadowy phantoms, from above,  
Seem whispering thro' the air:  
"You look *not* on the face you love ---  
'Tis death who sleepeth there."

## SO DROOPED THE GIRL

Sing, minstrel, sing the bier  
Where rayless she doth lie,  
Like moon's bright dewy tear,  
Crushed by rude footsteps ere  
The sun is high!

Lift up the jealous veil  
Which fain would interpose  
Its folds of fabric pale,  
To hide --- sounds soft the wail ---  
Love's bosom rose.

Let music's deepest swell  
Rise sweet the lute above,  
And 'mid its pauses tell,  
How faded and how fell  
That flower of love.

## SO DROOPED THE GIRL

Like leaf from mountain's brow  
Cast on the streamlet's breast,  
Chant to the breezes how,  
Gently on currents slow  
It flow'd to rest.

Sing! Minstrel, pour thy lay ---  
The lyre's best string is mute!  
Chant the young queen of May,  
Whose hand forgets to stray  
Along the lute!

And the deep voic'd minstrel spoke!,  
"She hath left her spirit height,  
Like tree 'neath woodman's stroke;  
Like bird with pinion broke;  
In midway flight.

"She faded down the sky,  
Singing such melting tone,  
That the wild lark, hov'ring high,  
Struck with strange melody,  
Forgot his own.

## SO DROOPED THE GIRL

"Cold was the world's bleak shower,  
Along her cheek of pearl;  
And like the passion flower  
Chill'd in some wintry bower,---  
So droop'd the girl.

"Death saw and lov'd the maid,  
(Oh! prize for dark decay)  
And with a kiss of shade  
All Judas-like, betrayed  
The bride away

"Along the silent stair  
So stealthy was his tread,  
That the watchers worn with care,  
*Dream'd not of robber there,*  
'Till he had fled.

"And the watch lamp burning low,  
Cast o're the spoil he left,  
Dim shadows creeping slow,  
Along its brow of snow,  
To hide the theft.

## SO DROOPED THE GIRL

"But when the dazzling day  
Streamed out from orb divine,  
They read by the tell-tale ray,  
Which bath'd that cheek of clay,  
The spoiler's sign.

"They *knew* that she had died,  
That the archer's claim was paid,  
Yet one, who stood beside  
That remnant of a bride,  
Almost had said ;

" 'How beautifully deep  
In minstrel trance she lies !  
It is a sin to weep,  
So gently closes sleep  
Her soft seal'd eyes.' "



## THE DEATH OF LEONORA

I see thee in thy summer bower,  
The fairest and the sweetest flower ;  
The sunshine of thy happy heart  
In blushes o'er thy features start,  
And well it may, sweet maid, for ne'er  
Hast thou felt wordly doubt or care.  
And like thine own Italian skies,  
Without one cloud to stain their bright  
Blue boundless depths --- thy laughing eyes  
Flash through their lashes, lustrous light.  
The rose-bud gemm'd with morning's dew,  
Just opening to the glow of heaven ;  
Seems not so sweet as the rich hue  
That to thy rosy lip is given.  
While thy dark tresses wild and free,  
Stream in the balmy breath of eve ;  
A sight most beautiful to see.  
Oh ! that such charms should ever leave  
This world of ours --- such dwellers here,  
Would change it to a glorious sphere !  
So sat the maid in beauty's charms,  
Her young heart fraught with feelings kind ;  
Secure from danger and alarms,  
And wooing of the balmy wind,  
That swept o'er beds of fragrant flowers,---

## THE DEATH OF LEONORA

While slowly rose the evening star,  
And stilly fell the dewy showers ---  
As sweetly in her silver car,  
Came twilight with her solemn beam  
O'er mount and valley, lake and stream.

When hurtling in the golden west  
Was heard the thunder's voice of ire ;  
And round each peak and Alpine crest,  
Leapt the red lightning's forked fire,  
Yet still upon the scene so wild,  
Fair Leonora looked and smiled  
Strong in her faith --- the lightning's dart  
Or thunder peal awed not her heart.

When hark ! a crash falls on the ear,  
A blighted flower the maiden lies ;  
Struck by the lightning's vivid beam,  
Struck, blighted, never more to rise ;  
The blush has fled her downy cheek,  
Dimmed is the light that fired her eyes ;  
Her rose lips never more shall speak  
Sweet words, nor breathe soft melting sighs,  
She sets, a star of beauty bright,  
In death's deep sea of endless night.

## THE POLITICIAN

A man went hustling down the street,  
With his hat pulled o're his eye,  
He took his strides so long and fleet  
That every one he chanced to meet,  
    Stood and stared,  
    And then declared  
That he was some legitimate cheat,  
Rushing away to the County Seat:  
He shook his head and then his fist,  
And once he struck at the wind and miss'd,  
    He slapped his thighs  
    And d-----d his eyes;  
He was far from being sound asleep,  
His get-there vim was hard to beat  
    By any man *his* size.

    . . . . .  
I'll make his case quite clear at once;  
He was just a big politician dunce;  
    (still this is no surprise)  
For these big Stiffs pull many stunts  
    To make us think they're wise.

## THE LITERARY GOAT

The goat is very much maligned ;  
His tastes perhaps are not refined ,  
But in his own peculiar way,  
He grasps the questions of the day;  
And takes them in most thoroughly ;  
A literary digest he ,  
Of great capacity and power .  
Should you, like me to pass an hour;  
Indite some verse, I'm sure he would  
Like most the half-wits, say : " that ' s good . "



## WAKE, LADY WAKE

Wake ! lady, wake ! that gentle eye,  
The voice of music bids uncloze,  
We stand beneath thy lattice high,  
To Woo thee from thy soft repose :  
The spell of sleep is not so strong  
But wizard words the charm can break ;  
By the deep powers of mighty song,  
We bid thee wake --- fair lady, wake !  
  
Wake ! lady, wake ! upon the lea,  
The stars look down serenely bright ;  
The moon hath fled beyond the sea,  
That thou may'st reign the queen of night :  
Arouse ! no cloud is in the skies !  
No ripple on the tranquill lake ;  
Lift the fair lid which veils those eyes !  
Sweet lady, wake !---fair lady, wake !

## RETROSPECTION

Once a learned thinking man  
Who's mind was always free  
Who's thots, a limpid river ran  
On subjects wearisome to man.

(Not wearisome to me)

He sat alone one dreary night  
Deep thought was on his brow  
He held a skull beneath the light  
And wondered, wondered how  
It fared with him who *had* the thing  
In life, and was he now  
Where all was ever-lasting Spring,  
And what *could* death bestow.  
It then occurred such words were heard  
Though plain were very low :

You hold the ruins of my skull,  
That time has rendered dark, and dull.  
How e'er that be ; t'was life's retreat ;  
A place for thots mysterious seat.  
What beautious visions filled this spot ;

## RETROSPECTION

What dreams of pleasure long forgot,  
No hope, no joy, nor love, nor fear  
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone a bright and busy eye:  
But shrink not from the dismal void,---  
Or question what that eye employed,  
For, with whatever fire it gleamed,  
In its own way it has beamed,  
And it shall be forever bright  
When all has sunk in endless night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;  
No matter what it has disdained,  
How long in motion it remained  
If bold, in free thots cause it spoke;  
Of creeds it kept, or those it broke.  
Men can look back o're life's span  
But to look ahead --- no man can.

## A HEART TO LET

To be let,  
To be let at a very desirable rate,  
A snug little house in a healthy estate.  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,  
Affection, the rent, *to be paid in advance*.  
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value; but soon  
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife  
Take a lease *for the term of her natural life*.  
Then Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not forget,  
An excellent Bachelor's heart's to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxes to pay,  
Love, Honor, and (heaviest item,) *obey*.  
As for the *good-will*, the subscriber's inclined  
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Indeed, if he could, such a matter arrange,  
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,  
Provided true title by prudence be shown,  
Any heart *uncumbered*, and free as his own.  
So Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not forget,  
An excellent Bachelor's heart's to be let.

## OLD ROMANCE

Who now will list a fairy tale?  
The golden days are past,  
When silvery laughter filled the gale,  
And spirits rode the blast;  
When every cloud upon the sky,  
Enshrined an elfin throng,  
And every passing butterfly,  
To the fairies might belong,  
When each leaf-murmur was a spell,  
And every spring was a haunted well,  
And every flower concealed a sprite,  
And every cave some wizard's might.  
Alas, the golden days are gone!  
We live in a world of brick and stone ---  
O'er the green meads where fairies played,  
The railway bears the noise of trade,

Their favorite haunt, a tinkling rill,  
 Is turned from its course to turn a mill;  
 And alas, alas for the heaviest stroke!  
 Their dearest home, a spreading oak,  
 Lies prostrate, branchless, stripped, and sawn,  
 Upon some thriftless lording's lawn.  
 The days are past, but days so bright,  
 Have left their memory yet ---  
 There is a gladness in its light,  
 And yet a soft regret ---  
 And it seems, in calling back those times,  
 As if on the spirit fell  
 A sound like that of the distant chimes  
 Of a merry village bell ---  
 As if a twilight feeling stole  
 Through the cold world's prison bars  
 Solemn and shadowy on the soul,  
 Yet not without its stars; ---  
 As if a low-wind-breath had crept

The hearts deep mazes through,  
 And sadness from its strings had swept,  
 And yet some music too.  
 Our fathers to their dying day,  
 Believe, but we!--- we fling away  
 These graceful fancies with our toys;  
 The world hath now no girls nor boys;  
 Seeds of true knowledge now are sown;  
 Fancy gives place to thought ---  
 All are not men and women *grown*,  
 But men and women *taught*!  
 Once legends pressed from mind to mind,  
 In all their beauty undefined ---  
 From hearts that never stopped to doubt,  
 They straight to other hearts went out ---  
 They had not time to look or dwell,  
 But with their fancies beautiful,  
 And rainbow coloring, richly wrought,  
 They tinted all the world of thought.

How different to receive them thus,  
 Glowing and fresh and glorious,  
 To sitting gravely down to look  
 For tales forgot in some old book,  
 Where, though the substance may remain,  
 No hue of life it can retain!

Once on a time, long, long ago,  
 I cannot tell how long ---  
 (That is the proper way, you know,  
 To begin a fairy song!)

Once on a time there lived a Queen,  
 Of very stately form and mien,  
 With Roman nose, and fine blue eyes,  
 And forehead of the amplest size  
 For royal wit and wisdom framed ---  
 Phrenology was not then *named*,  
 But surely it was *born* ---  
 For all observed that lofty brow,  
 And felt their souls before it bow,

And deemed more glorious its expanse,  
 Than even her dear eye's eagle glance;  
 And yet there was no scorn  
 On either eye or forehead;---she  
 Was as good natured as might be,  
 And kind, as surely might befit  
 A queen, with so much sense and wit.  
 Queen Damaris had an only son ---  
 A noble boy was he,  
 And he had grown, at twenty-one,  
 As spoiled as boy could be;---  
 No matter, he was heir apparent  
 To a crown's glory, and the care on't,  
 Son of a very learned mother,  
 Without a sister or a brother,  
 Had slaves and flatterers by the dozen,  
 And one beloved and lovely cousin,  
 An orphan --- and the sun ne'er saw  
 A fairer thing than Agatha!

Brought up incloistered loneliness,  
Something of pensiveness was laid  
Upon a mind, that sorrowless,  
Had else too little shade.  
The healthful beauty on her cheek,  
The starry lustre of her eye,  
Shone through a veil serene and meek,  
That wrath their gaiety;  
Yet nothing *sad*;--- if I may be  
Allowed a common simile,  
Her soul was as a radiant light,  
That might have shown too dazzling bright,  
But for the cunning graven glass,  
Through which its softened rays must pass;---  
And so her spirit free and high,  
Shone through a medium-piety ---  
Which her young ardent bosom warded,  
And beautified the thing it guarded.  
And this was Hubert's destined bride,

The heroine of my tale ---  
 A few more days, and by his side  
 Wrapt in her bridal veil,  
 Before the altar she must stand,  
 And with her heart bestow her hand.  
 She left her kindred's stately halls,  
 And turned unto the convent walls,  
 To spend her few free hours at last,  
 Where her pure early youth had pass'd.  
 She sat alone within the room,  
 Her own so many years,  
 The starry jessamin's perfume  
 Stole through the gathering twilight's gloom ---  
 Why in this hour are tears  
 Filling her eyes? oh, does she grieve  
 That little twilight room to leave ---  
 That flower-breath sweet? are there not flowers  
 As fair within the palace bowers?  
 So hath she felt their breath before ---

So she may never feel it more !  
 She hears the solemn rise and swell,  
 Of the deep-toned covent bell ;  
 What undefined fears  
 O'erwhelm her spirit ? is there aught  
 Dark 'midst her future prospects wrought ?  
 No --- but there must be hours wherein  
 The lightest spirit feels  
 As if its wishes power could win  
 To unloose the solemn seals  
 Upon the future, and behold !  
 Vague undefined dreams  
 Of hopes destroyed, and feelings cold,  
 'Neath sorrow's icy streams,  
 Glide o'er the heart ; but shadows they ---  
 Yet do they sadden whilst they stay.  
 She rose, and sought the chapel old,  
 In every childish woe,

Her hidden sorrows to unfold,  
There 'twas her wont to go,  
And now once more therein she kneels,  
And comfort o'er her spirit steals.  
It is the hour of deep midnight ;  
The moon above is riding bright,  
And all the stars up in the skys,  
Look o'er the earth with sof'ened eyes ;  
There's not a breath in the cypress tree,  
There's not a wave on the glassy sea,  
Yet murmuring low its waters be.  
Clearly the light on the convent lies,  
The convent spires gigantically rise,  
And where the ivy magestically weaves,  
Scarcely moves its cold bright leaves ;  
Through the window's tinted glass,  
Many-hued the the moon-beams pass ;  
And in the clear betraying light  
Of a nighed window white,

Stretched before the altar stone,  
 A lady slumbereth all alone --  
 'Tis Agatha, the lonely one.  
 Troubled was her trance ---  
 For ye could not call it sleep or rest,  
 Whilst heaving was her snowy breast,  
 Like the unquiet sea ;  
 And words of broken utterance  
 Came to her lips, and fearfully  
 Swelled and throbbed each azure vein,  
 As if the thots within her brain  
 Struggling, would have found their way  
 To her smooth brow broad and fair,  
 Where her soft dishevelled hair  
 Radiant in the moonlight lay.  
 Never had that lovely face  
 Borne before such weary trace  
 Of inner anguish --- never pulse  
 So before had thrilled her heart ---

Never did her hands convulse  
 With such quick and twitching start;  
 Ah! if she could but awake!  
 That the torturing spell might break!  
 A low wind sways the ivy bough,  
 A breath is in the cypress tree,  
 A clearer light is shining now  
 A light that's well to see;  
 And lo, around the maiden came  
 A band of beauteous things,  
 Some clad in glorious robes, and some  
 Borne on most radiant wings;  
 They stand around the sleeper ---one  
 Hath kissed her forehead fair,  
 And one hath placed a flowery crown  
 Upon her floating hair.  
 And one is murmuring in her ear,  
 In accents soft and low,  
 A song of some unearthly sphere,

Untinged by crime or woe.  
 "Come to our land! we have loved thee long,  
 Come to our revelry!  
 We will cheer thee with sweeter softer song  
 Than floats earth's dreary paths along,  
 For fairy dreams are we.  
 Come where our flowers, although they fade,  
 Are every newly blown---  
 Where the canopy of light and shade,  
 By love and hope and memory made,  
 Hangs over slumber's throne!  
 Come where the heart's deep tenderness,  
 Unhidden gushes free,  
 Where joys are brighter, sorrows less,  
 And we thy troubled heart will bless,  
 For fairy dreams are we!"  
 And straight the lovely maiden rose,  
 And stood amidst the Dreams,  
 Her sunny eyelids did uncloze,

Yet the deep magic of repose  
Was on each outward sense, and she  
Departed thence unconsciously ;  
And the morn's quiet beams,  
In chill unbroken whiteness shone  
Upon the vacant altar stone.  
The chapel all was still again,  
The silver lamp, and pictured saint,  
'Neath the pale morn looked dim and faint ---  
Nothing was left of life --- the stain  
From the chancel window threw  
Silently a veil of blue,  
And richest purple on the tombs,  
Like the spirits of those blooms  
That died in the past spring. Beneath  
The aisle the long departed lay ---  
They were slumbering when the morn  
Rose, and its glad light was borne  
Into every aisle, and when

Sank the sun to rest again,  
 And when those fairy voices sang,  
 And the arched roof with music rang  
 And she, the link 'twixt life and death,  
 The slumbering lady rested there ---  
 She is gone, the young and fair---  
 Yet, the dead still slumber on.  
 It is the depth of midnight's hour  
 Yet they rise not, nor shall rise  
 'Till from the red and melting skies  
 Shall peal the trumpet-voice of power.  
 The morning hath arisen, and, lo,  
 In vain they search the convent round;  
 The Lady Agatha is gone;  
 But on the silent marble stone,  
 That pillowed her dear head, is found  
 The carcanet that her neck had bound;---  
 Oh, who may paint the woe,  
 The terror, the distracted mein,

Of Prince Hubert and the Queen---  
 How Hubert mounted his fleetest steed,  
 And scoured the country o'er,  
 With twenty knights "all good at need,"  
 Who threatened loud, and swore  
 That they would bring the maiden home,  
 Or crush the convent spire and dome,  
 And make the abbess sorely rue  
 That ever the lady's face she knew,



A year and a day had passed away,  
 And still no tidings came,  
 And on Prince Hubert's heart decay  
 Fed like a creeping flame,  
 And he forsook the festal board,  
 The dance, the song, the glee,  
 And heeded not the red wine poured  
 On the merry minstrelsie,  
 But fed upon his lonely hoard

Of pensive revery.  
And even when the sunset fell,  
And twilight veiled the earth,  
He sought a little quiet dell  
Where gushed a fountain forth,  
And upas trees made whisperings low,  
That mingled with the water's flow.  
He sat beside the rivulet,  
And gazed upon its tide;  
How oft he saw the waters fret,  
And wash the sedgy side  
And then, again, how tranquilly,  
He watched them onward glide!  
He thot of life's uncertain bliss,  
How transient all its pleasure is,  
Many lessons grave he drew,  
From the evening's fading blue,  
And the twilight's rising dew  
And then he sighed, and then he leaned

His cheek upon his hand,  
 And where the weeping willow screened  
 The rivulet's verdant strand,  
 He drooped his head, in musing deep,  
 'Till o'er him stole the spell of sleep.  
 Visions, dark and undefined,  
 Hurried o'er his fevered mind,  
 Visions of gorgeous sea and cloud,  
 Head long cataracts rushing loud,  
 Mingled with bright summer skies,  
 Flowers and birds of many dyes,  
 And more than all, two starry eyes ---  
 Yet all was vague and troublous ; he  
 Turned and started restlessly ;  
 Not Agatha when e'er she dreamed,  
 Within the ancient chapel seemed  
 More inly tortured --- thus he lay  
 Till the twilight past away,  
 And the morn, with placid light

Shone on his forehead damp and white.  
 While thus he slept two radiant things ---  
 Two fairy Dreams drew near,  
 One with the smile a seraph brings  
 From its immortal sphere ;  
 The other with a sadder look,  
 That more of earthly thought partook.  
 The first came gliding on the beam  
 Of a new risen star--the other  
 Had floated up, to meet his brother,  
 From the bosom of the stream.  
 And near the slumbering youth they drew,  
 One bending on each side,  
 And the long silken lashes through,  
 To peep into the summer blue  
 Of his closed eyes they tried.  
 Then in a low and whispering tone,  
 Scarce from the rivulet's murmur known,  
 Or rustling of the evening air,

Those fairy dreams held convers there  
 And first the sadder of the twain,  
 (With eyes that gleamed as softly blue  
 As the pale hare-bell wet with dew,)  
 Spake. "Lo, he slumbereth! --- o'er his brain  
 I will a quiet influence breathe,  
 I will dissolve the fearful chain  
 That binds the struggling heart beneath ---  
 Surely long enough hath borne  
 This young heart its woe, and worn  
 The bands that hopeless love hath knit ---  
 Surely long enough to prove  
 How a human heart can love,  
 What constant faith may dwell in it.  
 Where is she, the promised bride?  
 Hath her truth been fairly tried?  
 Wilt thou give her back again?  
 If thou wilt not, though 'tis vain,  
 I will bring a glorious vision,

Bright with happiness elysian,  
 Fleeting comfort to impart  
 To this faithful, sorrowing heart!"

Then spake the other Dream---"Forbear  
 To blame the powers that thus have hidden  
 The gentle lady, and forbidden  
 Unbroken gladness for her share  
 Of earthly things. Was it not well  
 To try what constancy can dwell  
 In woman's love? That lady bright  
 Is safe within our realm of light,  
 And we have shown her all our gems  
 And our red roses whose smooth stems  
 Bear not a thorne, and palace halls  
 Built up of cloud, and the rich falls  
 Of ruby wine, and the dear river  
 Of crystal, flowing on forever,  
 But still her heart for Hubert yearns,  
 Still to its first affection turns, ---  
 What heeds she that earth's tenderness  
 Is but a more delicious thrall,

That sorrows on his hopes may fall?  
 Her love can sanctify and bless,  
 And cast a glory o'er them all!  
 We gave her draughts from the wondrous bowl,  
 Whose streams from every prisoned soul  
 Can sweep away the memory  
 Of aught with selfish feeling dim;  
 In vain to her those streams are free,  
 She hath forgotten all, save him.  
 Forgotten the royal robes and crown,  
 The power and glory of a throne  
 Which might in time have been her own ---  
 She heeded not their gain or loss,  
 And stripped of every earthly dross,  
 Stands her pure love, a star alone,  
 Upon the blank of recollection,  
 Its innate brightness its protection,  
 From the silence and the shade  
 Oblivion o'er the rest hath laid."  
 Then said the pensive dream. "Once more  
 I do beseech thee to restore

This treasure unto earth, for she  
 Is worthy of her royalty, ---  
 The trial hath been made --- is past ---  
 Give her to happiness at last."  
 Low hung the moon --- the eastern sky  
 Already reddened, and away,  
 From the fast 'wakening glance of day,  
 Did the bright visions fly. ---  
 And Hubert waked, a joy intense  
 Within his heart, a strengthening sense  
 Of confidence, of happiness,  
 Whose hidden spring he could not guess,  
 Pervading all his soul --- just so  
 He felt, a year and a day ago! . . .  
 Queen Damaris sitteth in her tower, ---  
 So hath she sate the live long night,  
 From the early twilight hour  
 To the morning's rising light;  
 Around her heavy tomes are spread,  
 Records of the mighty dead, ---  
 Yet not in these the lady read: ---

In her hand there is a scroll,  
Before her stands a vacant chair ---  
The parchment she doth not unroll,--  
Where is he who brought it there?  
At the midnight hour he came,  
An old, old man with visage wan,  
And stooping gait, and hoary hair,  
But with an eye of darkeſt flame.  
And there he ſate and talked awhile,  
With the ſame unvarying ſmile,  
And in thoſe accents firm and low,  
That to the very heart does go,  
And while the eye did gleam and gliſten,  
The lady was compelled to liſten;  
She, who whate'er ſhe heard or ſaw  
Seldom gave ſign of fear or awe!  
She ſaw not how he came or went,  
She *ſaid* ſhe knew not his intent,  
But many a wild and ſtrange report  
Was ſtraightway circled round the court,  
And as no lips, how ever wiſe,

Can *quite* forbear some kind surmise,  
A tale was presently invented,  
To which the gravest heads assented,  
And thus 'twas generally received,  
As worthy to be quite believed,  
They said, that Damaris had not been  
Contented to be but a queen  
On earth, but dipped and dabbled more  
Than was quite meet in *magic* lore,---  
That having won more power than human  
Nature befits, (and least a woman,) ---  
The cunning fairies strove in vain  
Long years, to break her mighty chain,  
And then resolved to force a peace,  
By stealing off her lovely niece,  
And ne'er restoring her, untill  
She would agree to do their will,  
Renouncing every mystic spell,  
Over the powers invisible ---  
And to confirm this theory,  
(Which *we're* persuaded would not be,

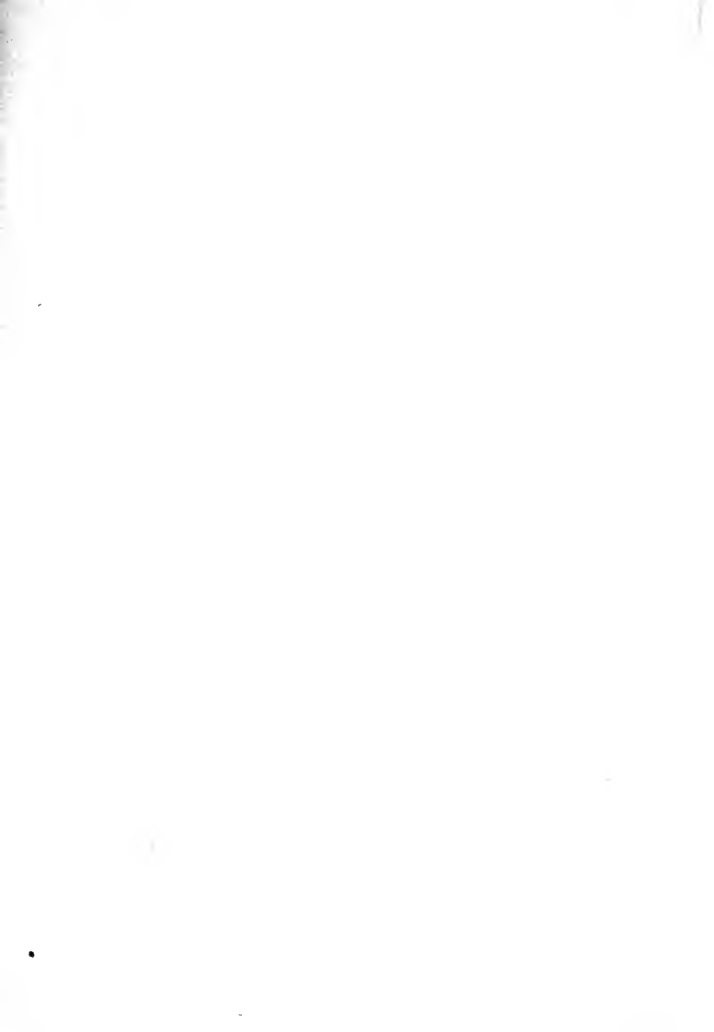
Because we know 'twas but to try  
 The youthful lover's constancy,  
 That Agatha was borne away ;)  
 Upon the evening of that day,  
 Queen Damaris her pages sent,  
 To bring each book and instrument  
 From the lone tower, which being done,  
 She straightway burned them every one;---  
 And the same night a wakeful crone,  
 Who to the chapel late had gone,  
 To her surprise and terror, found  
 A body, slumbering on the ground,  
 But venturing nearer, gladly saw  
 The fair mild face of Agatha !  
 What more remains to tell than this,---  
 That Hubert and his gentle bride  
 Thru' this cold world, in peace and bliss,  
 Loving and loved, did glide ?  
 But it was marked that ever more,  
 A dearer lustre than before  
 Shone in the lady's quiet eyes,

## OLD ROMANCE

And that her voice had harmonies  
More deep and rich, since with the band  
Of Dreams, she dwelt fairy land.  
And she had knowledge to impart,  
And that best wisdom of the heart ---  
That true clear wisdom, that doth teach  
In deeds, and by its actions preach.  
And "Oh," the lovely one would say,  
(And 'tis the moral of my lay,)  
"True love, like gold, knows no decay,  
By time and grief it feels no loss,  
They only ware away its dross,  
It is a portion of the heart,  
And can a vital strength impart.  
To all the rest.--- Its holy trust  
Dependeth not on fleeting dust,  
And where undying spirits be  
It hath an immortality!"

FINIS





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